

NEW SERIES. No. 20.

# THE SATIRIST,

OR

## MONTHLY METEOR.

MARCH 1st, 1814.

### THEATRICAL FAUX PAS.

MR. SATIRIST,

I send you a farcical account of a farce lately privately performed, and a design for a caricature if you think the subject worthy of winning *the plate*. There is a good deal of *brass* in it, which, in my humble judgment, would *shine on copper*; but that's as you please—print it or throw it on the fire, it is all one to your humble servant,

A SCENE SHIFTER.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Drum-on-the-Knocker . . . . .	By an Amateur of Fashion.
Altamont . . . . .	Mr. Harrass.
The Gallivant Lobski . . . . .	Mr. Fawcett.
Charley Sputter . . . . .	Mr. Incledon.
Crook Mouth . . . . .	Mr. Mathews.
Beauty . . . . .	Mr. Liston.
Magister Morum . . . . .	Mr. Emery.
Estifania . . . . .	Mrs. H. Johnson.
Novicia . . . . .	Miss Stephens.
Patagonia . . . . .	Mrs. Liston.
Betty Hint . . . . .	Miss S. Booth.

*Drum-on-the-Knocker* is seen in character on the door, *Estifania* flying to employ it for the purpose of obtaining a free admission, *Altamont* in despair at a hole.—On the other side the whole dramatis personæ in amazement at this dreadful accident. Amidst the confusion there is nothing like a regular scene—every one declares his opinion *ad libitum*—the ladies are shocked, the gentlemen astonished, the manager raving, the heroine declaiming, and *Drum-on-the-Knocker* of the Door in a state of fearful but amatory trepidation in expectation of the use to which he is about to be put.

*Altamont.* Ah faithless, fickle *Estifania*, return—return to my long and longing arms. Again, my darling, cheer the gloom of my dwelling with your presence.

*Estifania.* A plague o'both your houses I say. I am peppered, and that soundly too; a plague o'both your houses.

*Drum-on-the-Knocker.* Here charmer is the *Bank of faith*. Come live with me and be my love.

*Altamont.* I shall die in despair—lend me the dagger of Macbeth, the bowl of Statira, the pistol and the rope of Barnwell—I will employ them all against my precious life if you desert me.

*Estifania.* I must elsewhere pledge my love to support the pledges of my love.

*Drum-on-the-Knocker.* Here is the original pawnshop, established ninety years. Come and open a partnership account. All sorts of articles taken in, and full value lent on old goods as well as new.

*Estifania.* What will you lend me on my personal bond, with a *bill* as an additional security. My *bills* are always negotiable, and convertible into money at *pleasure*.

*Drum-on-the-Knocker.* All you wish and all you want.  
*Altamont.* Then I am undone!

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

*Lobski.* D—d bad management! d—d bad management! What, could he expect constancy from a Jilt so faithless! Oh no! she is no Farmer's Wife!

*Novicia.* What do you say about the Farmer's Wife; I wish I were a *Young* wife, or a *Welch* wife, or any other wife that I might be protected in these dangerous times.

*Lobski.* Be silent, dearest chuck, the time may come thou need'st not fly---thus into a passion.

*Patagonia.* What will the public say.

*Crookmouth.* I don't see what the public have to do with it. The country changes its keepers without our interference, and we on the stage have a right to change our keepers without consulting them.

*Charley Sputter.* I have no notion of such things---much better to have married a widow with the cash! eh, Beauty?

*Beauty.* Much better! Ay, much better have married the smallest thing in the world than have brought such disgrace on our cloth.

*Magister Morum.* It is very hard. Even my purity and innocence will come to be suspected.

*Betty Hint.* And mine too, assure ye. Marry come up. Honest people have been sneered at by proud minxes no better than they should be. But, thank Heaven, it is time about.

Thus went they on, all talkers and no hearers---chit-chat and gabble---noise, folly, sense, and nonsense, till the bell rang, and every one attended to their duty at the voice of one who has a right to be heard for all—

THE PROMPTER.



## THE STAGE.

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The Stage has always been represented as having a twofold object in view: to amuse and to instruct. By presenting pictures of felicity, consequent upon the exercise of virtue, to stimulate to virtuous actions; and by embodying a species of pleasing satire, to show the deformity and punishment of vice, and thus shame the vicious from pursuing their guilty career. In this task the Performers of the Theatres are merely the instruments or puppets put in motion and directed by the skill of a superior being. The Actor is, as occasion requires, a hero to inculcate heroism; a tyrant, to deter from tyranny; a loyal subject, to enforce the excellence of loyalty; a traitor, to demonstrate the heinousness of treason; an honest man, to illustrate the solid enjoyments which belong to a life of honesty, or a villian held up to the world to display the horrors that attend the commission of a crime. He is a prince or a peasant, a beggar or a lord, a soldier or an assassin—and has no personal identity upon the Stage.

From this consideration is deduced the argument that the public have nothing to do with the private lives of Actors and Actresses; that to the public it is indifferent so that they ably perform the parts allotted to them in the Drama, whether the former conduct themselves off the Stage with the circumspection of good citizens, or the obscenity of gladiators, and whether the latter are the Vestals or the Phrynés of the day. To a certain extent this reasoning must, I think, be allowed. I would not



go out of my way to inquire whether Ophelia was to spend the remainder of the night in a brothel, or in respectable society; nor would I stir one jot to learn, whether Hamlet adjourned from the Green Room to the honourable circle of domestic happiness, or to the dens of vice which make the night of London hideous. So that their evil lives be not too glaring and monstrous to be overlooked by even the most casual eye, I care not if the chaste Desdemona, is a strumpet; the noble Brutus, a pitiful rogue; Cordelia, a wanton; Alexander the Great, a blacklegs; Belvidera, a bawd; and the immortal Cato, a swindler. But here I take my stand. The players are not only the abstract and brief chronicles of the time; they are the glass in which is reflected the manners and morals of the age. Their mimic labours are more amply remunerated than the toils of learning or the efforts of genius, and to render these mimic labours useful, it is indispensable that the character of the party performing them, should not be notorious for every species of moral delinquency. If I cannot but know that the precepts of virtue flow from polluted lips; that the description of conjugal felicity, and of the delights of maternal affection, so rapturously and so feelingly pronounced, is delivered by the betrayer of a husband's honour, and the deserter of a mother's duties; if I cannot but know that the affecting portrait of innocence is drawn by the profligate and abandoned woman who ranges from paramour to paramour; that the glowing picture of honest worth is the declamation of a worthless scoundrel; that the inculcator of honour is a rascal, and of chastity a harlot:—then I say, the private characters of such performers destroys the main design and business of the Drama altogether, and renders the Stage a sink of iniquity, instead of a school of morals. It is impossible that a depraved per-

son can, by any mastery of art, so far assume the opposite semblance as to be enabled to send the lessons of virtue home to the hearts of an audience—the sounds fall deadened on the mind, and the loathing imagination ranges to the reality of the cheat, till the only impressions left are those of disgust at the gross deception, and a sense of the baseness of human nature, thus assuming a form which does not belong to it, and deluding with a *seeming* of what it is not.

Without affecting a severity of righteousness that does not pertain to our frail natures, I am afraid that the laxity of principle which I have condemned is not confined to the theatrical world. I am grieved to think that its general operation may be traced in private life and in public transactions. I am no politician, nor can I enter into the motives which have influenced our rulers, and the rulers of other nations, to enter into negotiations with Buonaparte through the medium of Caulincourt. Prudential considerations and calculations of policy no doubt there are to have induced them to take this course; but the paramount law of God, the divine commandment, and every sacred obligation inculcated by philosophy, morality, and religion, are forsaken and abandoned in the monstrous act. Short sighted are the views which look for good out of evil, and expect blessings to flow from associating with the wicked. Weak and vain are those attempts, and in disappointment will they terminate, which aim at ensuring the weal of mankind by crowning crime with honour and dignity. They sow thistles and they can not reap corn. The heart of every just man aches at the fearful futurity which is likely to arise out of the present sacrifice of **PRINCIPLE** to **EXPEDIENCY**.

But I will not follow up the painful digression. Nor



will I return to my first subject to prolong its discussion further than to express my conviction, that if decency and morality are inconsistent with the possession of talents for the stage, the British public will be satisfied with inferior powers, rather than have their feelings insulted by the impudent and disgraceful protrusion of the vile and degraded, whose very presence is a taint upon the younger portion of the audience, and a source of uneasiness to the more mature—whose accents annihilate the efficacy of every virtuous sentiment, and turn into ridicule the most noble inculcations of the Muse.

Surely the respect paid to those who are an ornament to the Stage and to social life, from the excellence of their characters, ought to be a sufficient inducement to others to follow their example, which, if they do not, it becomes the public to discountenance the effrontery of vice, not only as a punishment, but as the means of diminishing its influence, and encouraging the better description of players.

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### THE ABSENT LOVER.

Eight days have passed since Laura I beheld,  
Yet strange to tell Philander's still alive;  
With wonder my astonish'd heart is swell'd,  
To find a lover absence can survive.

Far from my all on earth, I must infer  
What life retains is this—to care I give  
My every hour.—I only *think of her*,  
And on that *thought—that thought alone I live.*

## THE MASK AND THE FACE.

Chloris, whom all admiring view,  
 Displays the lily and the rose,  
 Divinely blended to subdue,  
 But 'tis a *mask* thus bright'ning glows.  
 Go while she sleeps a view to take,  
 Ere she her pencil'd charms can trace;  
 Then till some chance the nymph awake,  
 Then you for once may see—*her face*.

The friend whose tongue seems ne'er to tire,  
 While praising you, esteem to ask,  
 Will proffer all man could desire;  
 But soon you'll find *he wears a mask*.  
 For after all this vain parade  
 To utter ruin or disgrace,  
 He'll sell your interest, his to aid,  
 And then at last—you'll see *his face*.

When the coquette's designing wiles  
 To love would fain your heart surprise  
 Affecting fond regard;—her smiles  
 Spread but a *mask* before your eyes.  
 Behold, if not a giddy dunce,  
 The self same smiles in every place.  
 Bid twenty lovers hope at once,  
 And then ne'er doubt you see *her face*.

The youthful husband, if belov'd,  
 Is still the lover of his wife,  
 And ne'er can cool.—Be not deceiv'd  
 A *mask* it is, I'll stake my life.  
 When he's at home go hear his voice,  
 And alter'd you will find the case;  
 Chagrin'd, cold, angry at his choice,  
 There rest assur'd you'll see *his face*.



THE SPIRIT OF THE JOURNALS,  
WITH AN  
ADDENDA OF THEIR FOLLIES.

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In the ensuing numbers of the selections under this head, it is intended to register wit and blunders, specimens of genius and of ignorance, matters admirable and ludicrous, the delightful effusions of fancy, and the ludicrous effusions of dullness, without regard to persons or party. Whatever is worth rescuing from the perishable columns of the diurnal and hebdomadal press, shall be transplanted into the pages of the Satirist—at least, to as great an extent as may be consistent with the character of that Magazine, for originality and newness in politics, literature, anecdote, and humour.

VERBUM SAT.

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APOSTOLIC SIMPLICITY.

*Original Letter of the late W. Huntingdon.*

Bristol, Nov. 16.—06

Rev'd Father in the Lord—grace, mercy, and peace be with thee.

If God permit and you approve, I will onor your pulpit next Thursday evening—onour it I say—with the person of the vilest sinner that ever liv'd—and in possession of a Hope that can never die.—If you want to know my pedigree—I am by birth a beggar, by practice a devil, by trade a coal-hever, by profession—and possession a sinner saved, by principal a stiff decenter, and of God's own making, for it was he alone that call'd, ordained me, and sent me out—and he has bin my bishop, my tuter, my provider and my defence ever since—else I had been

kill'd or stray'd long ago—If you or your people are fond of the original languages, of eloquence, orratory, or grammar, I am the man that can disappoint them all. But if apostolick ignorance will suit them, they will go nigh to glean a few scraps of that sort, but my degrees will promise nothing farther than that. But to inform my Revd. Father a little about my irregularities, I am in my prayers very short, in my sermons short also, unless the master attends the feast. If so, and the cruze gets a spring of oil into it, then I generally drop all thoughts of working by the day, nor can I give it up until I have emptied the whole content, tho' I know I shall get no more without much knocking and a deal of calling at mercies door. This I call liberality, and am to think it is furvant charity, and *that* charity which if aply'd covers a multitude of sins, and no wonder when we hold forth freely the blood and rigeteousness of him that cleansith from all the guilt of sin, and the robe that covers all the remains of sin. Rev'd Father, God bless you, abundant happyness, comfort, and suckness, attend both you and your family and your flock, while I remain, tho' unknown, affectionately yours,

WM. HUNTINGDON.

*The Rev. Mr. Parsons, Claverton-st. Bath.*

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PARODY.

*Sonnet to Lord Thurlow on his Poem of "Moonlight."*

Thou mighty Bard! aye, *peerless*, though a Peer!  
 Who with thy "Lady Muse" dost take a walk,  
 And with the Angels and the Stars dost talk \*,  
 When the Moon rises and the night is clear,

\* "With Angels let us talk and with the Stars."—*Moonlight*.



Oh! deign to smile propitious on my verse,  
While I, in joyous numbers, do rehearse  
Thy praises *e'en unto the fourteenth line!*  
For all that Byron has, or e'er shall write,  
Is "darkness visible" to thy "Moonlight;"  
His verse is plain simplicity to thine †.

*His Muse, indeed, with thine pretend to cope!*  
*As well might Blackmore be compared to Pope!*  
*No! let Lord Byron chime his Eastern lies;*  
*Th' immortal Thurlow thunders to the skies ‡!*  
*London, Feb. 6, 1814.* A LUNATIC.

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### MEDICAL SKILL.

Chirac, a famous French physician, was, in his last illness, delirious for several days. He then imperfectly recovered his senses; upon this, the first thing he did was to feel his own pulse. "Ah!" cried he, not knowing that it was his own, "I should have been called in sooner: has the man been bled?"—"No."—"He is a dead man, then;" and his own death, soon after, justified, in this last instance, his professional sagacity.

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### TO MADAME CATALANI.

Enchantress of the vocal lyre!  
'Tis thine to charm with magic song;  
With ardour bold, or softer fire,  
To lead th' enraptur'd fancy on.

† "His speech were plain simplicity to theirs."—Moonlight.

‡ "Th' immortal Regent thunders to the sky."—Sonnet to the P. Regent.

Yet, when thy cadence melts the soul,  
 Less would I deem the strain divine,  
 Or own from Heav'n the measure stole,  
 If breath'd not from a heart like thine.  
 E'en Envy, too, that lurking cow'rs  
 To aim at fame it never harms,  
 Reluctant feels thy minstrel pow'rs,  
 And owns the triumph of thy charms.

*Bath, Jan. 6, 1814.*

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### INVENTION.

#### *Buonaparte and the Echo.*

We insert the following Translation of the Libel for the publication of which the Bookseller, Palm, of Nuremberg, was shot, by order of the French Tyrant, as applicable to the present extremity of his fate.

Alone I am in this sequestered spot, not overheard!

Heard!

'Sdeath! who answers me? what being is there nigh?

I!

Now I guess—to report my accents Echo has made her task.

Ask!

Know'st whether London will henceforth continue to resist?

Resist!

Whether Vienna and other courts will oppose me always?

Always!

Oh, Heaven! what must I expect after so many reverses!

Reverses!

What! should I like a coward vile, to compound be reduced!

Reduced!

After so many bright exploits, be forced to restitution?

Restitution!



Restitution of what I have got by true heroic feats and martial address? Yes!

**What will be the fruit of so much toil and trouble?**

**What will become of my people already too unhappy?**

What should I then be, that think myself immortal?

**The whole world is full of the glory of my name, you know! . . . No!**

**Formerly my name struck this vast globe with terror!**

**Sad Echo, begone, I grow infuriate, I die!**

### ACROSTIC.

**N** o! tyrant no; thou can'st not, dar'st not, brave

**An arm that strikes, its liberties to save!**

Panic, destruction, rout, dismay, ensue,

O n all the hopes thy jaundiced fancy drew ;

**L**egions in vain thy wide commands obey,

E 'en now, like mists, before the noontide ray

A re they dispell'd ! Th' avenging angel's there,

**N** umbering the lost ones as a host that WERE!

**B** ut now the myriads, trembling at thy nod,

O bey'd thy will, and kiss'd th' uplifted rod !

**N**ow, scarce enough to shield thy cow'ring head

**A** re found of all, so wide the havoc spread ;

**P**roudly but now thou trod'st on many a throne,

**A non—scarce saves the one miscall'd thine own :**

**R. evenge on thee shall place her blood-stain'd hand,**

Till sunk thyself and prostituted band,

**E urope is freed—and peace shall bless the land!**

## LAMENT FOR TABBY;

OR, THE CAT'S CORONACH;

(In Imitation of Walter Scott.)

And art thou fall'n, and lowly laid,  
 The housewife's boast, the cellar's aid,  
     Great mouser of thy day;  
 Whose rolling eyes, and aspect dread,  
 Whole whiskered legions oft have fled  
     In midnight battle fray.

There breathes not kitten of thy line  
 But would have given his life for thine.

O! could I match the peerless strain,  
 That wailed for Black Sir Roderic slain,  
     Or that, whose milder tone  
 O'er Gertrude, fall'n in beauty's prime,  
 The grace of Pennsylvania's clime,  
     Raised the sepulchral moan!  
 Such strain might burst th' eternal bar,  
 And reach thy spirit from afar.

But thou, remote from pain and strife,  
 Now reap the meed of virtuous life  
     In some Elysian grove,  
 Where endless streams of milk abound,  
 And soft valerian paints the ground,  
     Thy joyous footsteps rove;  
 With Tasso's cat, by poets named,  
 And Whittington's in story famed,  
     *Requiescat in pace!*

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An epitaph on Hi and Ho, two Chinese astronomers,  
 who were appointed to watch an eclipse; but having got

drunk and neglected their duty, they were condemned to be executed by Ho Hang, the Chinese Emperor. Soon after it was discovered that the eclipse was invisible.—*Vide Hales' Chronicle.*

Here rest the bones of Ho and Hi,  
Whose fate tho' sad was risible ;  
Being hung because they could not spy  
The eclipse, that was invisible,  
Heigho ! 'tis said a love of drink  
Occasioned all their trouble ;  
But this is hardly true, I think,  
As drunken men see double.

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### THE CATHOLIC BOARD.

*The New House that Jack Built ; or, the place of Freedom and Grace.*

A diverting Story for Protestant Children of all ages.

This is the place of Freedom and Grace,  
Where Catholics bawl, and Demagogues brawl,  
Though for prayers alone at first built.

This is the Cat, with hungry jaws,  
With cloven feet, and horrible claws,  
That lurk'd in the place of Freedom and Grace,  
Where Catholics bawl and Demagogues brawl,  
Though for prayers alone at first built.

This is the Bag, which, though tatter'd and torn,  
Was a Petticoat once by his Holiness worn,  
But now held the Cat, with hungry jaws,  
With cloven feet and horrible claws,  
That lurk'd in the place of Freedom and Grace,  
Where Catholics bawl and Demagogues brawl,  
Though for prayers alone at first built.



This is the Doctor, *in slavery born*,  
Who declaim'd (whilst the Board loud re-echo'd his horn)  
*And open'd the Bag*, which, though tatter'd and torn,  
Was a Petticoat once by his Holiness worn,  
*When out bounc'd the Cat*, with hungry jaws,  
With cloven feet, and horrible claws,  
That lurk'd in the place of Freedom and Grace,  
Where Catholics bawl, and Demagogues brawl,  
Though for prayers alone at first built.

This is the Terrier, who watch'd in the morn,  
And bark'd at the Doctor, *in slavery born*,  
Who declaim'd (whilst the Board loud re-echo'd his horn)  
*And open'd the Bag*, which, though tatter'd and torn,  
Was a Petticoat once by his Holiness worn,  
*When out bounc'd the Cat*, with hungry jaws,  
With cloven feet, and horrible claws,  
That lurk'd in the place of Freedom and Grace,  
Where Catholics bawl, and Demagogues brawl,  
Though for prayers alone at first built.

This is the Board, so *August*, but forlorn,  
When they heard the Terrier, who watch'd in the morn  
That bark at the Doctor, *in slavery born*,  
Who declaim'd (whilst the Board loud re-echo'd his horn)  
*And open'd the Bag*, which, though tatter'd and torn,  
Was a Petticoat once by his Holiness worn,  
*When out bounc'd the Cat*, with hungry jaws,  
With cloven feet, and horrible claws,  
That lurk'd in the place of Freedom and Grace,  
Where Catholics bawl, and Demagogues brawl,  
Though for prayers alone at first built.

This is the Lawyer, with anguish now torn,  
Who went to the Board, so *August*, but forlorn,

And curs'd the mad Doctor, *in slavery born* ;  
Whilst the Board so *August*, (Can such truth be forsworn?)  
Now swallow each word which loud echo'd his horn,  
And seizing the Bag, which, though tatter'd and torn,  
Was a Petticoat once by his Holiness worn,  
They thrust in the Cat, with hungry jaws,  
With cloven feet, and horrible claws,  
Which lurks in the place, of Freedom and Grace,  
Where Catholics bawl, and Demagogues brawl,  
Though for prayers alone at first built.

But these are the Men, not of senses quite shorn,  
Who remember the Lawyer, with anguish now torn,  
And also the Board, so *August*, but *forsworn*,  
Whilst they thank the Doctor, *in slavery born*,  
Who open'd the Bag, which, though tatter'd and torn,  
Was a Petticoat once by his Holiness worn,  
And show'd them the Cat, with hungry jaws,  
With cloven feet, and horrible claws,  
'That lurk'd in the place, of Freedom and Grace,  
Where Catholics bawl, and Demagogues brawl,  
Though for prayers alone at first built.

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#### WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT.

For him who sought his country's good,  
In plains of war and scenes of blood ;  
Who, in the battle's dubious fray,  
Spent the warm noon of life's bright day,  
That to the world he might secure  
Rights that for ever shall endure,  
Rear the Monument of Fame !  
Deathless is the Hero's name.

For him who, when the war was done,  
And victory sure and freedom won,  
Left glory's theatre, the field,  
The olive branch of peace to wield,  
And prov'd, when at the helm of state,  
Tho' great in war, in peace as great,  
Rear the Monument of Fame!  
Deathless is the Hero's name.

For him whose worth, tho' unexpress'd,  
Live's cherish'd in each freeman's breast;  
Whose name, to patriot souls so dear,  
Time's latest children shall revere;  
Whose brave achievements prais'd shall be,  
While beats one breast for liberty,  
Rear the Monument of Fame!  
Deathless is the Hero's name.

But why for him vain marbles raise,  
Can the cold sculpture spread his praise?  
Illustrious shade! we can proclaim  
Our gratitude, but not thy fame.  
Long as *Columbia* shall be free,  
She lives a Monument of thee!  
And may she ever rise in fame,  
To honour thy immortal name.

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### A MISTAKEN NOTION.

A Welchman, who a few years back was at the Assizes at Carmarthen, and who had never before seen so fine a shew, asked a sagacious countryman of his own, pointing to the judge upon the bench, "Who is that shentleman in hur cown, and hur pelt, and hur black cap?"



“ Why, marry,” quoth the other, “ hur is an old woman that takes hur nap upon hur cushion, and then hur tells the shewry hur tream.”

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EPIGRAM.

Billy Snip went to skite, where, the ice being loose,  
He fell in; but was saved by good luck :  
Cried the taylor, “ Ill never more leave my *hot goose*,  
“ To receive in return a *cold duck*.”

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TO LORD BYRON.

Bard of ungentle wayward mood !  
’Tis said of thee, when in the lap,  
Thy nurse to tempt thee to thy food,  
Would squeeze a *lemon* in thy pap.  
  
At *vinegar* how danc’d thine eyes,  
Before thy tongue a want could utter ;  
And oft the dame, to stop thy cries,  
Strew’d *wormwood* on thy bread and butter.

And when, in childhood’s frolic hour,  
Thou’dst plait a garland for thy hair,  
The *nettle* bloom’d a chosen flow’r,  
And native thistles flourish’d there.

For *sugar-plum* thou ne’er did’st pine,  
Thy teeth no *sweet-meat* ever hurt ;  
The *sloe’s juice* was thy favourite wine,  
And *bitter almonds* thy desert.

Mustard, how strong so e’er the sort is,  
Can draw no moisture from thine eye ;  
Not vinegar nor aqua-fortis  
Could ever set thy face awry.

Thus train'd a Satirist—thy mind  
 Soon caught the bitter, sharp, and sour,  
 And all their various pow'rs combin'd,  
 Produc'd *Childe Harold* and *Giaour*.

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### ADDENDA OF FOLLIES.

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#### A CRUEL LAMPOON ON A TOLERABLE ACTOR.

*Impromptu on the varied and respective merits of Mr. Young, Mr. John P. Kemble, and Mr. Conway.*

Three tragic actors once did *London* boast,  
 And critics paus'd which to admire the most;  
 The *first*, where tones of passion were express'd,  
 With force and loftiness of voice was blest.  
 In govern'd taste, and knowledge of the stage,  
 With powers to terrify, allure, assuage.  
 In majesty of form the *next* surpast,  
 And grace of attitudes : *in all the last!*  
 Further to urge her work was Nature loth,  
 So form'd a third—the union of them both.

Hanover-square.

CRITICUS.

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### PURE WIT AND POETRY.

#### ON LADY CASTLEREAGH.

*Being selected from the multitude, and carried up to the House in the Wood, at the Hague.*

When fair Castlereagh stood alone on the shore  
 (Not more pure than herself) to behold the State shew,  
 Her looks were so simple, her manner was such,  
 As warm'd the cold hearts of the iced Dutch :

While with *Orange Boven*, the Prince of Orange elated,  
In the Stadtholder's house the fair stranger soon seated.

ARION.

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A TRIBUTE FROM AN EARLY FRIEND.

THE NEIGHBOUR POTENTATES.

Two Rival Chiefs two rival states adorn ;  
That born to greatness—this but greatly born.  
Their tastes as cross as creed of rival priests—  
That feasts on war, while this makes war on *feasts*.  
Yet how dissimilar so e'er their ends,  
One common fate their enterprise attends.

Last year *the one* to Russia went campaigning,  
The power of God and man alike disdaining.  
But “such a winter as!”—*each season* comes,  
Cracked all his fives and muffled all his drums ;  
And sent him, cur-tailed, home (no want of legs!)  
Where now, on rump erect, for peace he begs.  
This year *the other* would carousing go,  
With no such obstacles as frost or snow.  
The expedition left Pall-Mall in force,  
And first to Hatfield took its destined course.  
But, lo! ere it to Kentish Town could jog,  
The glorious scheme was blasted by—a fog.  
In vain they seek their way, or torches burn ;  
To C—— H——, alas! they must return,  
O'er half-raked fires and state-repasts to mourn.

Now those who construe right this tale will see,  
That in *Omnipotence*, at least, these Chiefs agree.

Dec. 29.

A. H.



## ANOTHER.

LETTER FROM GENERAL T. TO M<sup>c</sup>M. ESQ. IN LONDON.

Dear Mac, we are passing our time here most gaily,  
 Events by the dozen are happening daily.  
 We left Burleigh the 2d : you never were there ?  
 The house stands in a quadrangle forty feet square ;  
 'Tis built on a terrace, with fine freestone walls,  
 On a level, 'tis said, with the top of St. Paul's.  
 Winchelsea, you know's a mechanical man,  
 And for having it *measured* he's forming a plan.

Lonsdale, you know, is a noble old fellow,  
 With a fine open heart, and a capital cellar ;  
 We do just as we like, and have excellent cheer,  
 For guests, horses, and dogs, are all well treated here.

Wales would have a hunt, so we hunted on Monday,  
 In spite of the fog and the hard frost of Sunday.

And O ! some gentle Muse indite,

My bold aspiring lay,

While in hasty verse I write

“ The hunting of that day.”

— Now, I think on't, the task would be rather too hard,  
 And you'll hear it describ'd by our treasury bard—  
 For I watched him all through the field, and I saw  
 He was scanning the picturesque look of a thaw.  
 He hated a *Fox* from the time of his birth,  
 And ran foul of a *Pit* as Reynard took earth.

As for Wales, he soon staked a thorough-bred mare,  
 His legs, arms, and chest, were all quite *militaire*.  
 A mere Bond-street rider, Tom Musters would say,  
 She damn'd well by rule, as I told him one day ;

He's abroad in all cases not taught in *menage*,  
And rides at a leap as he would at a charge.  
In short, one might swear he ne'er hunted before,  
By his heading the hounds as he would do his corps.  
And York on the fences makes desperate attack,  
And was giving the *word of command* to the pack,  
Determined to give his conscience relief,  
And for once be in person *Commander in Chief*.

Adieu!

D. D.

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ANOTHER..

EPISTLE FROM MISS BETTY MARTIN TO MISS ELIZABETH BOLDERDASH,

*Touching the late Festivities, a Trunk, and sundry other Matters of Vital Importance, and great National Moment.*

Dear Betsy, I never was half so delighted!—  
I saw him! I saw him!—and Uncle was knighted!  
The Duke and the Duchess so gracious and bending,  
And the Bishops and Aid-de-Camps so condescending.  
I danced with a dear little Captain—but mum—  
I say *nothing*—but *something* 'tis likely may come.  
Sweet fellow—he kill'd some score Frenchmen in Spain,  
And is going to kill twice as many again.  
I do love the army—the *real* I mean,  
Who at battles, and breaches, and sieges have been:  
Dear creatures! they talk so divinely of columns,  
And charging and flanking—Oh Bess! t'would fill volumes.  
Then Vaughan most impressively *spoke* the address,  
And they said that he *moved* certain persons dear Bess.  
A *spoken oration's* a very new thing—  
The last was by Beckford, address'd to the King.

The weather was cold, and a deep fall of snow,  
So my Aunt and my Pa were unwilling to go;

But I told them the news in a letter by Mary,  
Who came to the show, but returned to the dairy.

But a trunk was discover'd!—and this trunk I saw!—  
It was found in the road which was clear'd by the thaw,  
And was brought to my Pa, who is one of the quorum,  
Was open'd, and rummaged, and emptied before him.  
And what think you jump'd out, to our monstrous amaze?  
But two pair of whiskers, and one pair of stays—  
Six cutlets—a packet of answers—so, so—  
A chocolate cake, and a pint of Noyau!  
The constable fainted away at the sight,  
And I thought that poor Pa would have died of the fright.  
But my Aunt seiz'd the stays with inordinate glee,  
And they fit her, I vow my dear Bess, to a T!  
The whiskers were given to German hussar,  
Who had singed off his own with a red-hot segar;  
The cutlets afforded a delicate treat,  
Pa says they're the nicest that ever he eat;  
Of the *answers* I took the blank leaves for my notes—  
Of the rest, for an age, I can make *papillottes*.

To discover the owner all measures were tried,  
The trunk was advertis'd, and posted, and cried;  
For Pa, though a justice, was bound, you will know,  
Before he eat cutlets and drank the Noyau,  
To find out the person to whom they belong'd;—  
But *nobody being found*, why no one was wrong'd.  
And so to distribute them fairly was best,  
And Pa's conscience, and Aunt's, and my own are at rest.

But this rambling epistle must now have an end.  
Am I never to see you again my dear friend?  
Where, where are your vows?—I've a right to reproach—  
You said, three months ago, that you'd come by the coach.



Was not this what you promised, false Bess, at our part-  
ing?

Friendship is all in my eye,

BETTY MARTIN.

T. T.

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Lady Page Turner, with her usual spirit and *liberality*, has given to the Commanding Officer of the 10th Royal Hussars, *a trifle*, for 200 of the privates of that regiment, now embarking at Portsmouth, to drink the health of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.—*Post*.

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DIED.

At her house, Buccleugh-place, Edinburgh, on the 28th of December, Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw, of Muckraw, aged 94. She was the only child of the late Samuel Shaw, of Muckraw, Esq. and relict of John Bennet, Esq. *Had she lived to see the day after her interment*, she would have entered into the 60th year of her widowhood, and she was born on the day of the interment of her father-in-law, the late Rev. Andrew Bennet, of Whiteside, Minister of the Gospel, Muiravonside, which was in the twentieth year of last century.

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On the 2d instant, *was interred in her 79th year*, in the Friends' burial ground, at Burton, near Barnsley, Mrs. Sarah Leatham, relict of William Leatham, Esq. late of Clapham Common, and Basinghall-street, Irish merchant.

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FROM A GRAVE CRITIQUE.

Mr. Kean's figure, which is *below the middle height*, appears on the first view to preclude success in the *higher walks of the Drama*; but to this objection it may always

be fairly urged that Garrick was great under the same impediment.—*Chronicle*.

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#### ANOTHER ASSAULT ON POOR CONWAY.

From the *vivacity* and *jocund humour* displayed by this actor, in his *Petruchio*, we are satisfied he will become an addition of no small value to the higher characters of Comedy. Mrs. Gibbs, certainly, in the remark—

“ This man is a man ”

might draw on him much female attention; but we observed on that evening, a *letter* or *scroll* thrown to him on the stage, from some of the upper boxes. If this did come from any female hand, Ladies should restrain *their vivacity* from breaking into the just decorum of the Stage.—*B. Press*.

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#### YANKEE SPIRIT.

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Extracts from American Papers in November, previous to the expedition of General Wilkinson. Their lamentations after its disgraceful close, will, we trust, reach us for next month; but the present will serve for a lesson to all vain-glorious boasters:—

“ It is our impression, says *The National Intelligencer*, that some *untoward accident* (such as meeting the enemy) always excepted, to which the enemy is equally liable with ourselves, our army will, by the 15th of this month (November) be concentrated at Montreal; and will, before the 1st day of July next, be in possession of Quebec!!!



“ If our northern Army is inferior in point of numbers and equipment to the extent of our wishes, the British garrison at Kingston ought to be captured, as well as the naval force on Lake Ontario, before General Wilkinson descends the St. Lawrence. Otherwise, this part of the enemy's forces, as well as that at Montreal, may possibly escape, by forced marches, to Quebec, where they could materially add to the *main army* of the enemy.”

Having disposed of Kingston and Montreal, the sagacious writer proceeds to take Quebec with equal facility :—

“ An impression seems to prevail generally, that the fortress of Quebec is impregnable to any assailant ; but from all the information we can collect, this is an erroneous idea as respects the United States. The *great* strength of this fortress is calculated for a defence against *attack from the sea or by water* ; yet it was once surrendered to the arms of Great Britain, when held by France. But we are induced to believe it is untenable against a superior force *by land* from the United States. This belief is founded on an attentive inquiry into the topography of the country, into the strength of the fortifications on the land side, and by facts which well informed correspondents have placed within our reach. These we shall concisely state, premising, that we feel no scruples at publishing them ; because the enemy can glean from them, if correct, no information which he has not already ; he has been longer engaged in practically studying the topography of Canada. *It is no secret to them that we use muskets and cannon ; that there is a river called the St. Lawrence, and Lakes Champlain, Ontario, and Erie.* If they learn that we know our



strength, so much the better. They cannot alter what is. *A retreat from Canada is impossible. The present force of the enemy there must fall into our hands, all Europe could not save it. Any future establishment there by Great Britain must be withdrawn before winter annually, or share the same fate!!!*"—*Risum Teneatis.*

He next proceeds to mention several easy methods of taking Quebec, from the immortal plains of Abraham, by floating batteries in the Cove, &c. &c.; and then states the following prophetic proposition, of which the Major was sadly overthrown by the disasters of Hampton, Wilkinson, and Boyd:—

"Suppose the whole British force in both the Canadas, on the 15th or 25th of November to be placed in this fortress, as in all human probability it will be, except what we shall capture or cut off from retreat—which is the same thing in effect, whatever it may be on that day, it cannot be augmented before July, because none but a very large reinforcement could evade a besieging army, and the place cannot be approached by water before that time. We, on the other hand, if necessary, can send reinforcements by Lake Champlain all winter—and with great celerity in May and June we could forward troops, which would be beforehand with any that the enemy could send—so that it appears to us, in any event, the siege might be conveniently continued all summer, if fortune to the enemy, or accident to ourselves, should delay its fall beyond the month of June.

"These are in brief our views of the subject, and our reasons for believing, that, before July next, every soldier of the enemy in both Canadas will be captive or slain, and the territory completely in our possession!!!"

*"From Albany, Nov. 18.*

"The public eye is turned with great anxiety towards Montreal. General Wilkinson passed Prescott on the 6th inst. with the loss only of two killed and three wounded. On the 9th, a heavy cannonading was heard at and near Cornwall, in Canada, five miles south of St. Regis. He was then to embark his foot, and pass down the Lake St. François, and send his dragoons round the west side of the Lake. *It is fully expected he was at the Island of Montreal by the 16th, and may possibly have full possession of the town by this day.*

Should Sir George Prevost meet him at the confluence of the Grand River and dispute his landing, he will *have a hard fight*; but this numerical force is supposed equal to any opposition. If Sir George should choose to remain on the main land between the St. Lawrence and the outlet of Lake Champlain, to meet Hampton, *he will inevitably be taken and all his force.*

*"It will all do well. The Canadians have fled from the river; they never saw such a sight—for five miles, the river is covered with boats; and it is said that our army consists of 16,000 at least, whereas it is only about..... The combined movements are worthy of the heads which planned it—May its execution be as brilliant and successful as it is judicious in its conception: it will astonish and confound the Europeans—they will say we have slept at the side of the lion, and in an unexpected moment awoke to seize him by the throat; and behold the king of beasts expire at our feet.*

"I would not disclose so much as I have.—But John Bull cannot take advantage of the information.

"Gen. ——— writes, 'we take Montreal or all d—d.' Another says, 'we conquer or find honorable graves.' The



third, 'we are in Montreal in ten days or in Heaven.'—Thus, you see, all is at stake—God send success.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE ARMY.

"This (General Hampton's) division of the army is again in march for the St. Lawrence. A few days will settle the question *whether we pass our Christmas before Quebec or not.*

"The plan of campaign (now it is fully developed) is the subject of *universal praise in the army—It is deep, exact, and comprehensive. Without some act of God we shall execute it worthily!!!*

"General Hampton returned by concert with General Wilkinson to the middle route, La Tortue Road, the Chateauguay road was entrenched by the British, and all provender destroyed, and the movement to the right was well calculated to draw Sir George Prevost nearer to the outlet of Lake Champlain, which would give General Wilkinson an opportunity to attack him in the rear or on his right flank; or if he should suddenly pass over to cover the Island Montreal, *General Wilkinson would beat him alone*; whilst General Hampton would open a passage for the stores on Lake Champlain."—*The undertaking is great and glorious—may it be crowned with success.*

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IMPROVEMENT OF THE AGE;

WITH

SAMPLES OF MODERN MERIT.

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SIR—You will perhaps think me a madman when I tell you, that though I am satisfied one of the finest subjects an essayist of any country can possibly have, is the de-



generacy of the age, and the degradation of his nation; yet I am at present resolved to point out an instance where an opposite doctrine may be maintained. I have determined to prove, that in one respect the present age is superior to any that has preceded it; and that the race of men now in being, in this country, have improved upon those who went before them.

In taking upon myself to establish such a position at this time, I feel there is much danger of the motives by which I am actuated being misrepresented. The vulgar will be disposed to say, that I do this because a British writer can no longer shut his eyes to the glorious results which the firmness and generosity of his country have produced over all the continent of Europe. They will not scruple to assert because England is in the zenith of her glory, France conquered, and tyranny subdued, that he who writes at all, must write as I propose to do.

Allow me to set these poor people right. Let them not think me weak enough to be imposed upon by the atrocious statements put forth by the Allies, in which they represent themselves to be every where successful. The *Morning Chronicle* may change its tone if it pleases, I never will, till I have something more substantial to go upon than can be furnished by any friend to England. Have I not read Napoleon's account of the battle of Leipsic, and do I not there find that the "sublime genius" was victorious. All that has occurred since, is doubtless part of a great plan which he has formed for the destruction of the Russians, Prussians, Austrians, Swedes, Hollanders, Bavarians, Wirtembergers, and Swiss, after the manner in which he purposes to dispose of Lord Wellington and his army, by a *coup de tonnerre*, when half England is in mourning. In my conscience I believe, that

that part of France to which he has suffered the Allies to advance, will prove as complete a *tron de rat*, as ever *Ciudad Rodrigo* did.

That in which I shall show the present age is superior to the last, and in which I shall prove my contemporaries are more illustrious than their progenitors, has nothing to do with political changes or warlike events, though these may incidentally have assisted to develope it in some instances: that to which I allude and which I shall here venture to name, is—IMPUDENCE.

I think few men will have the hardihood to controvert what I advance, when I assert that in impudence no age has ever surpassed the present: That impudence never, in any country, shone more resplendently, and never appeared more triumphant over shame in all classes of the community, from the beggarly blackguard Peter Pindar, Junr. up to the Lordly Father of Childe Harolde.

This, Sir, is proved to demonstration, in a work which I have first prepared for the press, entitled “An Essay on Impudence.” A complete analysis of my book would fill yours, and therefore I cannot suppose you would favour such an article with insertion. To the forthcoming publication I must refer the great body of your readers who wish to be acquainted with the profound considerations which form its basis, together with the history of the rise and progress of impudence, from the days of the Druids to our times. At present, I shall only trouble you with a few extracts, for which I hope you will make room, as I think you must acknowledge they furnish some of the most splendid specimens of the impudent that were ever recorded. Without further preface I quote my book.

“Lord Byron has proved himself qualified to head the *élite* of those who stand distinguished for effrontery. Look, for instance, to the fulsome dedication which he addressed

to Lord Carlisle, and the insolent ridicule on that nobleman which followed close upon it. This of itself would entitle him to high consideration for his impudence; but, it may be contended that this would not lift him above all who have preceded him, as a variety of instances may be quoted, in which the subject of a panegyric one day has been made the hero of a lampoon on the next; he is, therefore, distinguished only by the degrees of flattery and of abuse which his productions furnish. Some are of opinion that these are not such as will greatly exalt him above Pope; who, when "The What d'ye Call it" was being rehearsed, found himself so charmed with the humour which Colley Cibber threw into it, while teaching the actors their parts, that at one of the rehearsals he exclaimed (addressing himself to Gay)

"We dug the ore, but he refin'd the gold;"

yet, forgetful of this, he afterwards made this same Cibber the hero of his "Dunciad."

If from such a composition it may be doubted whether the palm of impudence ought in justice to be awarded to Byron or to Pope, the conduct of the former to Lord Holland will, I am certain, obtain a prompt decision in his favour. Here we do not find a flattering dedication, followed by a statement derogatory to his Lordship's character, arising out of subsequent offence: No; but a fine dedication full of expressions of esteem, is signed by his *faithful*, obliged, and grateful servant, Byron, and this to be sure succeeds a volume of gross abuse, in which it is clear, the *faithful*, grateful, obliged servant of Lord Holland laboured with extraordinary care and study to outrage his Lordship's feelings in the tenderest point. I should like to know what sort of explanation was given of the picture he (Byron) formerly published of Lord Hol-



land and his scribbling hirelings, and of my Lady, "skimming the cream of each critique, and breathing—

" — o'er the whole her *purity of mind*,"

lest any thing should go forth to the world that a *modest* female might blush to have perused. My wish to have such an explanation originates in a conviction that it must be a masterpiece of impudence. The dedication prefixed to the *Bride of Abydos* deserves that character, whether it was published with or without an explanation having taken place. If it was not preceded by some qualifying statement, Lord Holland, on seeing it, must have fumed and whimpered, and stuttered as vehemently as he did at the dinner given to the Catholic Delegates, when Whitbread, that favoured apostle of impudence (before he had a touch at *the feathers*), shewed his contempt for the understanding of the company, by asserting that in Lord Holland they had heard Mr. Fox.

"If to these proofs of Lord Byron's transcendant impudence, I add the effrontery with which he has published a dedication of his *Corsair*, addressed to Tom Moore, having previously villified him (spoken in his dispraise I mean to say), I apprehended it will be admitted I have not failed in the task I here take upon myself to perform.

Dread of making this article too long for a Magazine, forbids me to transcribe the rich specimens of impudence which I have found in the history of Mrs. Clarke, now of the King's Bench, and in the letters of the sentimental beggar of the same place, Mr. Baldwin, whose pathetic apostrophe on the inability of his friend to procure more than *one oyster* for his daughter's supper, is supposed to have been the means of giving to the world, the "*Oyster crossed in Love*," at Covent-Garden Theatre. I must also pass over those who adorn the biography of Sir

Richard Phillips, and which are daily and weekly "shewn up" to the Public, in the works of Messrs. Cobbett, Lovell, White, Hunt, Ashe, and Peter Pindar, jun. I omit, with regret, those from the history of Mr. Hutchinson and General Mathews, but cannot leave out the following piece of newspaper impudence on the subject of the last-mentioned orator:—

"Gen. Mathew addressed the audience in that strain of *forcible and perspicuous eloquence* which had raised him to the *first* rank amongst the popular speakers of the empire. The *majesty* of his figure, the fullness of his voice, the energy of his manner, the *accuracy* of his *observations*, and the *elevated* tone of his *manly sentiment* which pervaded his *admirable* discourse, all conspired to fix universal attention and respect upon this *incorruptible* Legislator."

This, to those acquainted with the ridiculous sing-song manner of the General, who never obtains a moment's attention in an assembly where common sense has any value, is a mark of improvement in the diurnal press, which, as a lover of impudence, I cannot but admire.

But, Sir, there is yet one extract from my book which I must call upon you to insert at full length; and this, as coming from the Stage, which "holds, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature," must be considered as reflecting great light on the increasing impudence of the times. I am not going to speak of Mrs. Faucit's attempt to act *Lady Macbeth*, nor of Mr. Egerton's murdering *Macduff*, nor of Miss Stanley's making *Belvidera* very laughable, nor of Mr. Sowerby's confounding *Pierre* with the other conspirators. These, though creditable to the impudence of the parties, I shall not dwell on: I mean but to give you a narrative of what passed in Drury-Lane Theatre, on Saturday, Feb. 5, 1814.

A new farce, called "Rogues All, or Three Generations," had been damned. It was patiently heard through the first act, and deservedly hissed in the second. When the curtain fell, the accomplished Mr. Elliston came forward, with due solemnity, and I owe it to his merit as an *actor*, to add, with much *gravity*, and addressed the audience to the following effect :

" *Ladies and Gentlemen,*

" I am desired by the Managers of this Theatre to put a question to you, and I know no way of doing so, but by desiring the friends of this establishment to *hold their tongues*.—Its enemies will decide against the question."

Could the genius of impudence have desired any thing more sublimely audacious than the commencement? The audience were to be divided into two classes, those of friends and enemies. In the first, those were to be included who went in with orders ; the second, of course, consisted of those evil-disposed persons who had paid that money which those by whom they were insulted calculated on dividing that night. More anon. He proceeded—

" I wish to ask you"—

Here some ill-bred fellow, who had more sense than good manners, called out, " We won't be humbugged, Elliston." The orator went on.

" I ask for the Managers, not for myself, for I am but an humble performer *here*"—

General Elliston never forgets that he is something more than an humble performer elsewhere.

" For them I ask *most respectfully*—Has this piece been fairly heard?"



A very sagacious question this to be *most respectfully* asked in any Theatre. If an audience is wicked enough to condemn a piece unfairly, it is certainly very reasonable to suppose they will make a display of candour by acknowledging their iniquity. And what a compliment it is to an audience to suppose, that a large portion of them go to the Theatre with a resolution to hoot a piece from the stage without hearing it, whatever may be its merits. To assume this, is quite as affronting to the persons there assembled, as to accuse half of them of being pickpockets. Instead of saying, "Friends and enemies to this establishment," it would have been quite as respectful in Mr. Elliston to have addressed them as "Gentlemen and scoundrels."

The spokesman then proceeded to put the question to collect the "Ayes" and "Noes" with as much formal importance as we ever saw in the Speaker of either House of Parliament. This done, he took upon himself to inform the audience that the "Noes" had it. He had taken care to call for the "Noes," well knowing that half the house, not exactly comprehending what he was about, would call out "No," in opposition to the piece. The "Noes" being predominant, as it was easy to foresee they must be, he attempted to announce the farce for another evening, but here the "Noes" were again so loud, that he could not affect to misunderstand them. He now argued with those from whom the noes came, very warmly on their inconsistency, and condescendingly put the question again, and again declared it to be carried in the *affirmative* by the *noes*. The opposition still continued. He in vain attempted to announce it for the next evening of performance, and shrugging up his shoulders with a significant look, intended to reproach the audience for not knowing their own mind, he with-

drew. The Managers supported this audacious conduct, and in their next bill declared it to have been the opinion of a "most decided majority of the house, that the piece had not been fairly heard, though the Author had the good sense not to expose himself to the Public a second time."

This I take to be a specimen of impudence unequalled by any thing to be found in the history of former times, and is, in my opinion, alone sufficient to prove the present age ought to be called the age of impudence. Its progress all over the country is very satisfactory, but truth compels me to acknowledge the greatest proficiency in it is to be found at the Theatres. Of the Theatres, the Drury-Lane concern is entitled to take the lead; and Mr. Elliston, for his genuine unaffected effrontery, as the first professor of impudence at Drury-Lane.

I am, Sir,

With great respect,

Your's, &c.

QUIS BOBIUS.

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## THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PILE.

No. 6.

(Continued from page 111.)

*Books, which have been condemned to be burnt, without being particularly mentioned.*

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We shall begin with the Library belonging to the Temple of Jerusalem. This collection, more estimable



from its intrinsic value, than from the number of volumes, was burnt by the order of Antiochus, as is mentioned in the Book of Macabees, b. 1. ch. 1. verse 56. *And when they had rent in pieces the books of the law which they found, they burnt them with fire.* 57. *And whosoever was found with any of the Book of the Testament; or if any consented to the law, the king's commandment was, that they should put him to death.* It happened about the beginning of the sixth century before Jesus Christ.

The famous Books of the Sybils belonging to the people of Rome were lost in the fire which happened in the Capitol in the year 671 of Rome, when Sylla was Dictator. The new Books of the Sybils were then deposited in the Temple of Apollo, on the Palatine Mount, where they were preserved till the year 363 of Jesus Christ, when that temple was also consumed by fire: these books, however, were saved from the conflagration, but were afterwards thrown into the fire, by order of Stilicon, in the year 400 or 407.

All the world still laments the fate of the famous library of Alexandria in Egypt. A short account of it, we think, may be acceptable to the reader. This library was founded by Ptolemy Soter, King of Egypt, who was a good scholar. It is reported that he had written a *Life of Alexander the Great*, much esteemed by the ancients, which has been lost. It is believed that Ptolemy founded it by the advice of Demetrius Phalereus, an eminent politician, who had governed Athens for ten years with the authority of a sovereign; and who, being obliged to take to flight, put himself first under the protection of Cassander, whence he went to Ptolemy, who received him with great cordiality. This King not only founded the library, but also established an academy, to which he gave the name of *Musæum*; and a number of learned men attached to it



were occupied in philosophical researches, and in the great though vain attempt to bring all sciences to perfection.

The library began at first to be collected in the Musæum, which was in that part of Alexandria called *Bruchion*, near the king's palace, and was frequented by a great number of students. When it had been augmented to the number of four hundred thousand volumes, it was found necessary to procure another place. The *Serapeon* was chosen, a famous temple of Serapis, situated in that part of the town called *Rhacotis*. Ptolemy had deposited the statue of Serapis, which was at Sinope in this temple, which, as it is reported by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, was the most magnificent building ever known, except the Capitol of Rome. This supplement to the first library was augmented in time to the number of three hundred thousand volumes; and the whole number of seven hundred thousand volumes is, according to the ancient writers, that of which was composed the Library of Alexandria.

Demetrius had been so active in the beginning of its formation, that, after having collected books from amongst all nations, they arrived to the number of fifty-four thousand eight hundred volumes, according to Epiphanius; and to two hundred thousand volumes, according to Josephus, who asserts that Demetrius hoped in a short time to augment them to the number of five hundred thousand. This account of Josephus must, however, be much exaggerated; because Eusebius says, that at the time of the death of Philadelphus, son and successor of Soter, the library amounted to only one hundred thousand volumes. All the books which entered Egypt, of all languages and matters, were sent to the Musæum and copied by writers—whose copies were given to the proprietors, and the originals deposited in the Library.

It is reported that Ptolemy Evergetes borrowed from the Athenians the Works of Sophocles, Euripides, and Eschylus, and returned to them only copies, written with great diligence and accuracy. Galienus, who relates this anecdote, adds, that Ptolemy sent to the Athenians fifteen talents, (6750*l.* sterling) exempted them from the tribute, and sent them a large convoy of provisions as an acknowledgment of the loan.

Let us now proceed to the history of the destruction of this illustrious monument :—The first damage it received is of the time of Julius Cæsar. The four hundred thousand volumes deposited in the Bruchion, were consumed by fire during the war Cæsar carried on against the inhabitants of Alexandria; those of the Serapeon were preserved : and it is thought that Cleopatra added to these the two hundred thousand volumes of the Library of Pergamos, presented to her by Mark Anthony. This, and subsequent additions, rendered the second library of Alexandria far superior to the first, both in beauty and the number of volumes. Though it had been pillaged several times, during the troubles and revolutions which happened in the Roman empire, particularly in the reign of Orosius, its loss was always entirely repaired.

This famous library had existed a great number of centuries, opening its treasures to the learned and the curious till the 7th century of the Christian æra, when it was purposely burnt by the Saracens, who took the town in the year 642. At the time the town was taken, there was at Alexandria the famous scholar John-the-Grammarian, surnamed Philoponus, a known and celebrated follower of Aristotle. As he was in favour with Amri-ebnol-as, general of the Saracens, he said to him :—  
“ You have put your seal upon all the effects in the ware-



houses of Alexandria ; but, as to the books, being useless to you, permit me to dispose of the philosophical works which exist in the library." Amri answered, " that he could not grant him his request, without previously informing his master Omar, the then reigning caliph. He wrote to him accordingly, and received the following answer :—" As to the books you mention, if their contents are according to the Book of God (the Koran), they are useless, as the Book of God contains all what is necessary ; but if they are contrary to it, they must be destroyed : so, do order them to be all burnt." Amri, then, gave them out to be burnt, instead of wood, to heat the baths of Alexandria, and they were sufficient to make fires for six months. In such manner perished, as Abulpharage relates, this repository of the labours of human genius, in which, no doubt, were deposited all the works mentioned by the ancient writers, and for the loss of which we shall for ever mourn.

Gibbon, and several other modern writers, are of opinion, that Abulpharage's anecdote is but a fiction ; but M. Langles proves it to be true, by his new researches about this interesting point of history.—(Vide *Magasin Encyclopedique*, an. 5, tom. 2. No. 11. page 34.)

In the 6th century, the Pope, Gregory the Great, ordered all the Books of the Pagans, if we may believe to John of Sarisbury, a writer of the 12th century, and many others, who no doubt repeat it after this Bishop. What may have given occasion to this assertion, is probably the advice given by this Pope to Didacus, Archbishop of Vienna, not to amuse himself in teaching grammar, because a Bishop has business of more consequence to mind. Several writers have endeavoured to absolve his Holiness from this accusation.



The Runic Books were consigned to the flames, by order of Olaus, King of Sweden, in the beginning of the 11th century. Eric Schroderus discovered this anecdote in a manuscript seen by him in the year 1687, where it is said, that Olaus, finding it difficult to introduce the Christian religion into his estates, assembled, in 1001, all the Grandees of his kingdom; and it was decided to substitute the Roman alphabet for the Runic, and to burn all the books concerning idolatry. Unhappily the greatest part of the books concerning the history and antiquities of the nation, were on this occasion the prey of the flames: and it is presumed, that the Works of Jorunderus-Gis-surus, of Schulemontanus, and of Alterus Magnus, perished in the conflagration.

About the year 1508, Cardinal Ximenes, with an intention to convert the Mahometans to the Christian religion, had three thousand of them assembled in a spacious place, and forced them all to be baptised; he then caused all the Turkish books he could find, of all authors and matters, which amounted to the number of 5000 volumes, to be brought to the same place where they were publicly burnt, without regarding superb miniatures, rich binding, or ornaments of gold, silver, and jewels, which he was entreated to spare for a better use. How could this Cardinal, both a great scholar and lover of sciences, destroy in such a manner many precious works about the religion, arts, and sciences of the Turks, since by these monuments only we could have been instructed in oriental literature? Some authors, however, are of opinion, that Ximenes burnt only the books of the Koran, and its commentators.

In the year 1510, Maximilian I. Emperor of Germany, ordered by a proclamation, that all the books of the Jews

should be burnt, except the Bible, as containing blasphemies, magical doctrines, and other dangerous matters. This edict was made at the request of one Pfeffercorn, a converted Jew. The Jews prayed for its revocation. The famous scholar John Reuchlin was consulted on this affair; he made a distinction of two sorts of such books—the indifferent ones, and those composed directly against the Christian religion; and he was of opinion that only these last should be suppressed. Such advice offended the divines of Cologne, and the fanatic Pfeffercorn published a *Miroir Manuel*, in which he maintained that it was necessary to burn all the books of his former brethren. Reuchlin answered this pamphlet by a *Miroir Oculaire*; but this work was not only condemned by the divines of Cologne, who would have burnt its author with all the books of the Jews, but also by the college of the divines of Paris, and by Hochstrat, a Dominican friar, the Inquisitor; but Maximilian refused the prosecution.

About the middle of the 15th century, the Emperor Charles V. by a proclamation, ordered all the books of the heretics to be burnt; and prohibited, under the pain of death, to read the works of Luther and others.

In England, too, the Protestants and their books were pursued by Henry VIII, encouraged by Edward VI, and both books and men burnt by Queen Mary, who under severe penalties, ordered all those to be punished as rebels who did not burn all the Protestant books they had by them, or who lent them out to read.

(To be Continued.)

## PHILLIP—ICKS;

OR THE

## CORSICAN'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"Flog 'em, flog 'em, flog 'em—flog 'em duly, flog 'em daily.

"*Another Knave.*"

(From page 104.)

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No. 2.

MR. EDITOR,

I rejoice to see that your lash, the *New Monthly Magazine*, and I trust I may without vanity add, my animadversions, have had a very salutary effect upon Sir Richard Phillips and his publication. They have lowered the tone of the one and the sale of the other. Good! this is as it should be. The dread of loss will confine the vile political partialities and principles of the "Editor" within bounds, so that his monthly filth and poison will be neither so great a nuisance and disgrace, or so injurious to the country as heretofore; and the diminution of the circulation will in another way lessen the effect of the mischief.

Indeed the last Number is so spiritless and insipid, so little calculated to promote the interests of the enemy, that I am sure Buonaparte will not thank the "Editor" for it; and a few such puny, neutral, inoffensive publications would soon disgust all his friends on this side of the water so entirely, as to abridge still more the sale of the Corsican's friend, and send these carrion crows of sedition and treason to some other putrid and corrupting source of entertainment. To the twelve hundred deficit of February, would be added a proportionally similar deficit for



March and April, and in a few months "our Publisher's accounts" (vide notices to Correspondence) would not even afford a plausible foundation for puff and falsehood.

Having described the last month's labour as one of the least noxious which has of late issued from this unpatriotic and loathsome literary forge, I hope I may be permitted very briefly to notice one or two points which serve to show, that though the souls of these reptiles have been stricken by the dread of loss, and the motives of self-interest have operated to repress that broad and glaring wickedness which no sense of shame or feeling of contrition ever restrained; yet that the spirit is not dead, and that the bitterest hate to England, her religion, her laws, her constitution, and her rulers, is still the predominant principle of action among these worthless Britons.

At page 28, a driveller, who signs himself Omicron, has submitted a string of Scriptural texts, such as, "Thou shalt not kill."—"Resist not evil"—"Avenge not yourselves, but give place unto wrath"—"He was led as a lamb to the slaughter," &c. &c. which he (poor Idiot) offers as arguments against a nation's going to war even in self-defence. The object is, to dissuade all Christians from becoming soldiers or fighting for the liberty and independence of their country; and it is the object only which has drawn down my comment, for there is a law of nature too strong in our bosoms to allow so weak and contemptible a stratagem as this to have any of the desired efficacy.

At page 58, under the head of *literary and philosophical intelligence*, it is stated, that "the Lady of Sir Richard Webbe has just landed in England from Paris, and she states that that city was perfectly tranquil; that the Emperor (of Rogues) is received with the usual respect on his frequent appearances in public; and that on her route

to the coast she saw great numbers of conscripts marching *with cheerfulness* to their respective head-quarters. This respectable statement merits our notice, merely because the flames of war continue to be fed by unauthenticated counter-assertions, printed in certain stock-jobbing newspapers, to aid time bargains and gambling policies."

I have not been able to discover whether the above be purely *literary* or *philosophical*, or a mixture of both, or a mere trumped up *political* lie german to neither. It is no matter; nor would the gross fabrication have been worthy of notice, but that the slight texture of this *web*, served with a number of improvements and additions to make a long letter for the meritorious coadjutor of the Magazine, the *Morning Chronicle*, where a few days after it was *shown up* in grand style, the cheerful conscripts swelled to 600,000 men in buff; some Paris squibs magnified into Devil-shots, a thousand times more destructive than Congreve's rockets, with which all the "unfortunate Germans" were to be blown into shreds, and Buonaparte the very dearest and best of Monarchs. This farrago, of course, was laughed at by all the world, and its contrivers had the credit of lying too outrageously to deceive the lowest of the ignorant even among their own class of Jacobins and —s.

The state of Public affairs is, as usual, entirely taken from the *Moniteur*. The allied Sovereigns are sneered at for attending Divine Service previous to crossing the Rhine; and though the Rebels in South America had been routed, it is set down, that "as the Government of the United States, however, favour the cause of the patriots, their final success can scarcely be doubted."

To this sottish manifestation of attachment to our enemies, wherever they may be found, I shall only add, that at page 93, among the "remarkable incidents," is an attempt

to puff into notice Cobbett's, now forgotten, Register, which puff appears to be in a very proper place, for it is at the head of the Obituary for Hampshire, and immediately after the death of a drunken Custom-house Officer, who fell from his horse and expired in a ditch! Page 94, the Philanthropical Editor, who has groaned against our penal code as a disgrace to the country, and chimed in with all the canting of Sir Samuel Romilly on that subject, strenuously recommends it to the Legislature to make stockjobbing fabrications "*highly penal*;" and (oh, consistent Philosophers!) at page 100, in the notices to correspondents, the inflation of knightly vanity causes the Editor to assert, that he is not hurt by the new publication in opposition to him, &c. for, quoth he, "we are invincible while our cause is that of *Truth and Humanity*"!!!!

THE BEADLE.

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### THE AMATEUR AND HIS LANDLADY.

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Pat Lyall, of Craven-street, solemnly swears,  
 (To please her fine lodger up two pair of stairs),  
 It having been said by some rogues in their ire,  
 That Robert Coates, late of Antigua, Esquire,  
 Had some of the money to make his heart merry,  
 Of which this deponent robb'd poor *mother Bury*,  
 When she, like a fool, in support of her *squall*,  
 Paid for Coates to exhibit at Freemasons' Hall.  
 (Not knowing, it seems, what has since prov'd the fact,  
 She herself sings *as well* as my lodger can *act*.)  
 This deponent well knowing such tales are untrue,  
 As the Amateur seems in a d\*\*\*\*able stew,



Makes oath and declares, that when *she* took the cash  
To get him to spout some *occasional trash*,  
Or publicly anywhere else to appear,  
He did not take part in her swi—— career :  
And more, by Pat Lyall 'tis firmly believ'd,  
That if *he* had known of the bribes *she* receiv'd,  
To induce him to act—tho' he's fond of *her praises*,  
Before he went on he'd have seen her to blazes.  
And lastly, she saith, the said Coates, like a zany,  
Had nothing of what she extorted from many.  
Nor did he participate in any present  
She ever got hold of—or partridge or pheasant ;  
Nor e'er did he know of the tricks that she play'd  
Till the night when the Lyceum rumpus was made.  
To prove this she witnesses twenty could call,  
These things are *all true*, as her name is

*Lie-all,*

Pat came to the Mansion House all this to swear,  
Before Billy Domville the present Lord Mayor.

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SUPPLEMENT.

Deponent would add, though brought forward to say,  
Her lodger with her ne'er divided the pay.  
She does not declare, that both waking and sleeping,  
It somewhat reduc'd the expence of her keeping.  
While some one lent Harris a beast from Peru,  
Why should not another let out a Yahoo ;  
And while Polito shows his wild beasts from the Cape,  
Taking money for letting the town at 'em gape,  
Why should not Pat Lyall exhibit an ape.

## NOTE.

*London to wit.*—Martha Lyall, of Craven-street, Strand, having heard it has been represented that Robert Coates, late of Antigua, Esquire, had participated in monies given to this deponent by Mrs. Bury, to induce this deponent to persuade the said Robert Coates to recite, at Freemasons'-Hall, at a Concert given for the benefit of Mrs. Bury, certain Verses written for the occasion; and knowing such representation to be untrue, this deponent voluntarily maketh oath, and saith, that her receiving money to persuade the said Robert Coates to recite the last-mentioned Verses, or publicly to perform, was totally unknown to the said Robert Coates. And this deponent in her conscience believes, that if the said Robert Coates had known that this deponent had received any money from any person whatsoever, for the purpose of inducing the said Robert Coates to perform at any Theatre, or recite Verses in any Public Room, the said Robert Coates would not have consented so to do. And lastly, this deponent positively saith, that the said Robert Coates never did in any way whatever participate in any present given to this deponent, by any persons or person, to influence this deponent in persuading the said Robert Coates to perform, nor did the said Robert Coates ever know of this deponent having received any money from any persons or person for whose benefit he had consented to play, until he was publicly charged at the Lyceum Theatre with participating in money so received by this deponent.

M. LYALL.

Sworn at the Mansion-House, in the City of London, the  
16th day of February, 1814, before me,

WM. DOMVILLE, Mayor.

ORANGE BOVEN;  
 OR,  
 WILLIAM AND CHARLOTTE.

---

A SKETCH OF HUMBLE JOY.

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“ Long France has William’s country held :  
 To leave his native home compell’d,  
     He other lands must rove in.—  
 Ah ! when will Holland freedom see !  
 And when will he return to me,  
 To make me swell with extacy  
     While singing Orange Boven !

’Twas thus fair Charlotte softly sigh’d,  
 And added, “ Oh ! were I a bride !  
     With William some sweet grove in,  
 Where gentle love fond freedom taught,  
 Where all were unrestrain’d as thought,  
 My heart with boundless bliss were fraught,  
     While singing Orange Boven !”

“ Oh ! when will come that wish’d-for day,  
 When Holland conquering in the fray,  
     Shall see each French post drove in !  
 How would I hail that moment bright,  
 To me what rapture—what delight !  
 Enjoying ceaseless day and night  
     My own dear Orange Boven.



What shouts are those that strike my ear?  
 Triumphant strains are wafted near!  
     Come tidings of my love, in?  
 What means that sound?—Ah! can it be!  
 I hear it whisper'd "Holland's free,"—  
 Then William soon will come to me,  
     And—Rapture!—Orange Boven!

Oh yes, his countrymen have broke  
 Of Gallia's sons the cruel yoke,  
     No foe their land shall move in.  
 His nation *free*, he'll soon be found  
 In Hymen's silken fetters *bound*,  
 And oh! of bless what joyful sound  
     Will flow from Orange Boven!

While life remains I'll bless the hour,  
 Which crush'd in Holland Gallic pow'r,  
     Which Dutchmen nobly strove in.  
 And ev'ry year when comes the day,  
 Thus to my love, my Lord, I'll say,  
 Ah! William! ne'er forget, I pray—  
     My love for Orange Boven!

And when I'm to the altar led,  
 Care far from Charlotte's bosom fled,  
     Shall other climates rove in.  
 My Bridemaids all shall learn to sing,  
 While ev'ry fancy's on the wing,  
 Oh! what a happy happy thing  
     Is this sweet Orange Boven!

My favours shall be *Garter* blue,  
 And on them bright and fair to view,  
     My Motto shall be woven,

That all who wish the royal line  
Extended, may in ribbons fine  
Thus charmingly emblazon'd, shine  
" Brunswick and Orange Boven !"

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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE,

AND

MR. J. K. GRIFFITHS.

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The conductor of this Paper has chosen, as he says, "from pure regard" to the Editor of the Satirist, to address a few observations to him in his paper of the 17th. He takes for his motto the Latin words "*ex insidiis*," which, at Cheltenham, mean "up to trap," and to this he has added a quotation from Shakespeare—

" Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate  
Nor set down aught in malice——"

Having thus ornamented his epistle, and demonstrated that two heads are better than one, our fair-faced lecturer sets off hotly to evince his pure regard, by retorting the appellation of "cowardly reptile." He then says, that he is not addressing a Gentleman—and forthwith proceeds to draw the portrait of his "Satiric adversary by the strict lines of retaliative justice." Upon this introduction we will whisper a word in Mr. Griffiths' ear—while professing candour he lavishes the epithets of spleen—and instead of drawing a likeness he can only

produce a caricature, for *retaliation* is a vile master in the chromatic art. Here is Mr. Griffiths' style :—

“ It appears (where?) our opponent is a being who gives virtue but trifling labour in recording his acts of righteousness ; but who keeps malignity in continual pay to supply him with materials for assaulting the honour, and defaming the reputation of the innocent and inoffending.” Why, Mr. Griffiths, this is the very coinage of your brain—there is no such thing. Your opponent, too! Lord help thee—did'st ever know an ass (one of your Cheltenham donkeys) turn round upon the whipper-in, who was applying the lash as a punishment for his kicking, and say, “ Come, Master, none of your malignity—it is not fair in my *opponent*.” If he did, you are aware that the whipper-in would not argue the point with him, like Balaam of old—he would only tickle him up with another whipping for his impudence. In sober sadness this is the only notice he could take of the offence ; for it is not every person, who like the monarch aforesaid, knew so much of the language in which these beasts converse, as to be able to hold a parley with them. For example, with the most resolute determination to understand and answer Mr. J. K. Griffiths, we lament our incapacity, and confess that with sufficient acquaintance with the learned tongues to be able to detect his vile Hebrew, it is not in our power to divine what he means in this epistle, notwithstanding that in the shape of the letters, and disposition of the words, it bears some resemblance to English. “ *Masqued Locusts showering arrows on solitary heads which will fly and hurt not,*” is to us as incomprehensible, as if the learned Theban talked of humble bees in dominos, raining muskets on individual multitudes, which would take wing but injure nobody. “ These arrows, however, *contempt* is *smilingly* to return



to their quivers, and *scorn* to *laugh* at their futile attack." Fine writing, Mr. Griffiths! very fine, Mr. Griffiths! But for what does all this figurative braying stand? What is all that about? "Villyfying (learn to spell Mr. Griffiths) *truth*;" learn to have common sense in what you pen, Mr. Griffiths, and do not prate about *Classics*, Mr. Griffiths, when you speak of a *Seraph-im*, which is a Hebrew plural, Mr. Griffiths!

"Abstracting from the Satirist's plebeian malignity, and withdrawing his insolence, (quoth Mr. G.) what shall we leave him? A personage whom *chance* has robed with authority, but whom ability will not recognise." We strain our faculties, but we cannot catch a glimpse of meaning. You accuse us of malignity and insolence—this is our offence. You then take these qualities away from us, and we are left robed in authority still, but not recognized by ability. Does ability then recognize us when we are not suppositiously denuded of our malignity and insolence? We will try conclusions with you Mr. Griffiths!

But you are right in one sentence, and we comprehend what you would say when you observe that "Satire is sometimes essential, to check the dangerous career of guilt, for the reformation of a people, and for the amendment of a State." Peruse our pages Mr. Griffiths, and mark well their general object and tendency. Consider the solid good that has been done by the Satirist, fearless of danger and contemptuous of calumny, while it has put down with one hand that nest of hireling writers who lived on slander, and with the other exposed to eternal odium, and defeated the plots of high conspirators against the safety and welfare of the people. Let Wigmore-street, and the St. Alban's witness to the services of the Satirist. But not these alone, Mr. Griffiths! look at the

continued and bold exposure by name and designation of every private plunderer and public offender, and this not done in security, Mr. Griffiths, but at peril in purse and person—not under the shadow of darkness, but in a tangible and responsible shape. When you reflect on these truths, Mr. Griffiths, and consult your justice (not retaliative), you will undoubtedly abstract from your vilification of us, and withdraw from your aspersions. And what will that leave you? A very silly personage, who has shot his arrow, not knowing where it would alight—who has run a muck tilting with a straw, and only exposed the folly of his design, and the feebleness of his capacity.

A few words more and we have done with you. You have only *asserted* that the verses in the *Satirist* (which have so stirred your Welch blood) were scurrilous and envious—you have illustrated your charge of want of veracity in us by a falsehood, for we did not say you had abused us in your paltry journal, but that we had been so informed—and, finally, you have finished your letter as you began it, with writing nonsense, which nobody can understand, and to the delirium of your own conceptions we gladly relinquish you and the *Cheltenham Chronicle*, praying that the waters may so purge the fancies of your readers, that they may know what your daubing aims at, and relish it better than they seem to have done, the coarse but plain drawing of them in the *Satirist*.

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# THE MOON.



(To be continued Monthly.)

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## EPIGRAMS.

*On Sir R. PHILLIPS and Doctor LAMB, the leaders of a  
sect of Sixty Bramins who feed on vegetables.*

'Tis strange that the Knight eating no flesh at all,  
Should contrive to imbibe such a load of the gall :

'Tis not strange that the Doctor on cabbage should cram,  
Since meat dinners might lead to a dinner on Lamb ;  
And that sixty dull sots their example should follow,  
Proves that 'tis not their stomachs but heads that are  
hollow.

---

## A DRY JOKE.

For a friend who was ill and unable to teach,  
Through the pitiless storm rode old Spintext to preach :  
I lament you're so *wet*, said the sick with a sigh,  
But get into the pulpit and—*there you'll be dry !*

---

## TWO DEATHS.

Twice in this dreary world we die—  
The death of love we first deplore ;  
The second death we may defy,  
Nay welcome—when we love no more.



*(From the French of Lambille.)*

## TRUE PLEASURE.

Of victory's favourites I know  
 To scorn the vaunted fame ;  
 I, drunk with glory, will not go  
 To brave death for a name.

Let others worship if they will  
 Pomp, power, and rank, for me !  
 I, for such gaudy trifles still,  
 Won't sell my liberty.

Let misers trembling o'er the gold,  
 Make wealth but care produce,  
 I shall not wish like them to hold  
 A treasure of no use.

Shall I on books my prospects raise,  
 And join the learned throng,  
 No,—of short life why waste the days  
 In painful studies long.

I only know to drink and love,  
 Wine claims my days and love my nights,  
 My boast my science these shall prove,  
 My business my delight.

Joy costs too much which toil supplies  
 Imperfect spite of study's aid ;  
 Nature than art is far more wise,  
 Mine be the transports she has made.

## MORALE AND PHYSIC.

Morale and physic form a story so flat,  
 It begins on our ears to grow stale,  
 Then " throw *physic* to dogs," let Frenchmen take *that*,  
 But we'll ne'er cease to shout for *mor'ale*.

*On reading that Mr. REYNOLDS was prohibited from  
Writing by his Physician.*

When Reynolds's Doctor forbade him to write,  
(Tho' Fred thought 'twas madness, or envy, or spite)  
He establish'd a claim to renown.  
For if he knew not how his patient to cure,  
He knew what the public at large *could endure*,  
And felt well the pulse of the town.

*On a man of the name of HAIR being convicted of Bigamy,  
at the late Old Bailey Sessions.*

To marry twice was most unfair,  
For all must surely think with me,  
That no two women could agree,  
To split between them thus a *Hair*.

TORPEDOS *versus* BROADSIDES.

The Yankees boast, with their torpedo,  
Aloft in air *our* ships to shatter!  
What in return for this can we do?  
Sink *theirs* ten fathoms under water.  
'Twixt valour and base artifice,  
Thus ever distant be the level!  
That lifts our navy to the skies;  
This sinks our rivals to the devil!

L. B.

A POINTED EPIGRAM FROM A MORNING PAPER.

LINES

*On the Monstrous Hoax practised upon the Public, on  
Monday, the 21st of February, 1814.*

The news spread on Monday, of Nappy's demise,  
With rapture transported the good London folks;  
But ah! the next day, with what grief and surprise,  
D.d they find it was only a Stock-jobbing Hoax!

Deptford, Feb. 23.

W. B.

## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA !

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### THE LETTERS OF ORTIS TO LORENZO, &c.

*H. Colburn, Conduit-street. pp. 233. Price —*

The real name of *James Ortis* is UGO FOSCOLO, a Venetian nobleman, of an ancient and honourable family, originally derived from Dalmatia. When the Venetian States became a part of the Cisalpine Republic, he served as a Captain in the Republican army of Italy, and distinguished himself by his zeal in the cause. Ardent and impetuous in his mind, as the style of these letters sufficiently demonstrates him to have been, he plunged with headlong precipitancy into the phrenzied delirium of the French Revolution, and to the name of Republican, and on the altar of a phantom liberty, sacrificed almost the whole of his fortune and the fairest portion of his life. At last, however, the period arrived when the passions of men began to subside into reason, and the unreal mockeries which had deceived the vision and misled the understandings of mankind began to be dissipated—when the brilliant colourings of the imagination gave place to the sombre hue of the truth, and sad reality, attested by scenes of blood and horror, opened the eyes of the warm votaries of a beautiful theory, and shewed them the vain illusions of a diseased philosophy, which was to give universal happiness, in a result of 321-



versal misery. At this era, the enlightened soul of Signor Foscolo became discontented with the Revolution, and he abandoned the profession of arms and his military career. Re-applying himself to the Belles Lettres, he was elected Professor of Eloquence in the University of Pavia; but his restless habits did not readily subside into the quiet uniformity of a literary life. In about a year he became disgusted with his situation at Pavia, and retired with a pension which the government thought due to his talents. In 1802, however, he was again brought forward into public notice, by being unanimously chosen by the Municipality of Milan as the Orator to Buonaparte at the Congress of Lyons. The energetic and splendid oration which he pronounced on that occasion and which we have now before us, might, in our opinion, have been most advantageously printed at the end of these Letters; but it would require a very able translator, one of endowments superior to those manifested in the translation of Ortis. The model Foscolo had in view was evidently the Younger Pliny's Panegyric on Trajan, and his composition shrinks from no comparison with the most admirable specimens of eloquence either ancient or modern. It may well be supposed that the Tyrant of France, who, not content with placing one crown on his revolutionary and anti-monarchical head, meditated the annexation of the iron diadem of Italy to his other royal acquirements, could have no great affection for the stern and violent republican character of Foscolo. Instead of encouraging his genius, and promoting him to dignity and trust, the Usurper took especial care that he as well as most other eminent persons of similar principles and great talents, should be consigned to oblivious privacy, and kept in that subordinate station which prevented their disturbing his ambitious projects.

It was in this situation that Foscolo wrote the *Letters* under review. They were, we believe, reprinted in the original "Choice Italian," in London, anno 1811, and the work pretty well received, although previously well known to all the lovers of Italian literature in this country. If we remember right, Zotte, of Broad-Street, Golden-Square, was the publisher.

We were among those who greatly admired this work, not on account of its principles, of the interest in the story, or of the wild and demi-lunatic actions and dicta of the hero, but simply on account of its style, which struck us as affording an entirely new and admirable model of Italian prose. The fiery spirit of the author, his vivid conceptions, and resistless vigour, were breathed into his pen; and the sedate and feeble monotony which so universally infects the prose (we might say prosing) productions of a country so celebrated for the opposite quality in its poets, vanished before his vigorous touch and brilliant imagination. In addition to this charm of style, however, the volume was recommended by an elegance of fancy, a display of classical research, a depth of judgment, and all that sensibility of heart which is the attribute of genius alone. These were sufficient to shew that Foscolo was no ordinary man, but one whose literary acquirements were an honour to his own, and would have raised him to a high rank in any other country.

It is nevertheless true, that he is spirited to excess: yet it is the ebullition of uncommon feelings and uncommon abilities, and in nothing allied to affectation. His enthusiasm exceeds all bounds, and, instead of sound sense, his opinions resemble the ravings of a reasoning madman, dazzling and meteoric, but unconnected, occasionally irrational, and more remarkable for starting absurdities in the midst of sensible intervals than for uninterrupted clearness and luci-

dity. The book, may be described in one sentence : it is the *Werter of Italy*. The hero loves a girl who marries another man on account of his poverty. Unable to endure the sight of his mistress in the arms of a rival, he wanders from place to place, writing distracted letters, and ultimately stabs himself; thus terminating a miserable life by a wretched and violent death, more the victim of a distempered brain than of a depraved heart. The moral, as in *Werter*, is decidedly detestable. To render suicide a venial offence, and to adorn the self-murderer with all the virtues which can render him an object of esteem and compassion, does not pertain to that class of writing which can merit the approbation of any good man. Throughout these letters a continual restlessness is observable even in what does not relate to the theme of love, which is the only interesting portion of the work.

Having thus stated the nature of Foscolo's labours, whose greatest beauties consist in his language, it will occur to our readers that the task of translation was one of almost insurmountable difficulty ; the sentiments must be expressed in Italian, or they lose all their delicacy and force. They baffle the power of man to transplant them into another soil. Yet we imagine the task might have been more ably performed than has been done by the present translator, although we have no wish to deny him very considerable merit. We could point out numberless paragraphs, in which the fittest words have not been selected to convey the exact meaning of the author. In others, we observe an entire alteration of his sense, which is not freedom, but change. One example of this will suffice :—In page 288, where Teresa has been sitting on the grass, the author says, “ it (the grass) seemed to me still warm with thy divine body,” which is rendered



“it seemed to me still to retain the impression of your lovely person.” Neither fancy is very beautiful; but the former is the best, and the latter an altogether dissimilar idea, introduced by the translator. With all its imperfections on its head, this volume will, however, prove an acceptable treat to the lovers of the romantic and sentimental.

Before closing this notice, we may mention a curious blunder at the conclusion of the volume, which proves that the talent for *bull-making* is not confined to Ireland, but that Italy can produce them of a species different from those of the Pope. The instance we allude to occurs in the original, and is thus faithfully translated. After describing the death of Ortis, who stabbed himself “Upon the writing-desk, the Bible lay closed, and on the top of it the watch and several sheets of *BLANK paper, on one of which was written ‘My dear Mother!’*” Among a few erased lines the word ‘*expiation*’ was hardly legible, and lower down ‘*of eternal sorrow!*’—Pretty well for *blank paper!!!*

The death of Foscolo actually took place as represented in this work.



#### POSTHUMOUS PARODIES AND OTHER PIECES.

*Miller, Bow-street. pp. 102. Price 6s.*



Many of the clever parodies which compose this entertaining volume have already appeared in a Morning Paper, where they acquired that degree of applause which entitled them to the honour of being collected into

the less fugitive form in which they now appear. Claiming, of course, no higher estimation than is allotted to a species of writing of which originality is no feature, we may fairly pronounce a panegyric upon these effusions for their variety, their near though not servile resemblance to the great originals whom they profess to imitate, and their general ease and humour. They consist of parodies upon Addison, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Collins, Johnson, Gray, Goldsmith, and Cowper; imitations from Pindar and Horace; and several miscellaneous poems.

It would be inconsistent with our plan to enlarge this notice with extracts from what are so generally known, as these parodies are in their various attacks upon public approbation. It will be sufficient to say of them, that where they apply the lash of satire it seems to be deserved; that they evince that natural detestation of the vagabond children of sedition, whose periodical trash yet provokes the hand of justice, which every patriotic Briton must feel; and that they are sportive and entertaining, and we could only have wished that the Author had not so qualified his censures of the higher order of our Demagogues and Political Disturbers—it is not the wretched Hunts,\* and Cobbetts, and Whites that most demand the vindictive application; the more elevated troublers of the Senate, the factious insulters of their Prince, and the abettors of their country's enemies; these are the objects to be held up to the finger of scorn and the detestation of virtue.

We cannot forbear mentioning the apology to the Readers with which the volume concludes. There is great pathos and feeling in it, and when the Author chuses to relinquish the “echoing horn” of parody, for the more tender lute, we are convinced he will produce a work with still greater claims to our commendation.

MEMOIRS OF GOLDONI, *written by himself: forming a complete History of his Life and Writings. Translated from the original French, by John Black. In two volumes, octavo. II. Colburn, Conduit-street.*

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The name of Goldoni has long held a distinguished rank on the Continent, and hardly any Dramatic Author has ever reached to such an eminence of fame for the quickness and fecundity of his genius.—He was born at Venice in the year 1707, and began to display an attachment to the Drama from a very early period in life. He was collaterally descended from an ancient and noble family of Italy of the same name. His father was a Physician, and he had the advantage of a good education, for, though shifted from place to place according to views and interests of his family, he acquired a considerable degree of knowledge even by the interrupted studies which circumstances permitted him to enjoy. In due time he became an advocate and pleaded in several judicial courts of Italy with great success. His devotion to the Drama, however, and the fame which he had obtained for some of his juvenile works, rendered him an easy prey to the solicitations of the actors, to some of whom he was attached by friendship, and to others by admiration of their talents. A susceptible heart, strong passions, and a turn for gallantry, at times seduced him not only from the grave pursuits of the law, but even from his favourite study, dramatic composition.—He seems to give an ingenuous undisguised exposition of his conduct, feelings, and character. Perhaps there has hardly ever been a biographical work written by the hero of the tale since the time of MONTAIGNE, in which the Author so freely opened his heart to his Readers. That he had great confidence in his powers and the fertility of his genius is evident, from his having



engaged to furnish not fewer than sixteen pieces for one theatrical season, fifteen of which were very successful. But, though self-dependent on the readiness of his pen, he does not appear to have been vain, for he freely acknowledges what plays he had chosen for the bases of the dramas he constructed, and pays a due tribute of praise to the Authors from whom he had derived his materials. He seems to have possessed an excellent heart, yet he makes no ostentatious display of his good actions, but appears to pour out the records of his memory just as they present themselves. In the course of his various journeys he meets with many whimsical and some dangerous adventures, but he gets through them with good-luck if not with much address. His talents, his virtues, and his fame enabled him to acquire many friends; and high as his reputation was, he does not appear to have raised many enemies. Altogether, though he delivers no wonders, his volumes excite a very strong interest, and lead the Readers on with agreeable compulsion.

Many of the pieces which he had composed he suppressed; but the dramas, of which eighteen editions have appeared, amounted to one hundred and fifty.

It should be observed, that his gallantries are related rather by implication than narration, and that nothing offensive to modesty can be found in his very amusing and original work. It should be mentioned also, as indeed might be inferred from his having been engaged in the profession of an advocate as well as in a ministerial capacity, that he possessed a considerable share of learning. Upon the whole, this is one of the most entertaining works that has been submitted to the Public for a long period; and it is translated with a degree of spirit and characteristic humour that gives it quite the air of an original composition.

Goldoni spent the latter part of his life at Paris, where he was Italian Tutor to the lamented Marie Antoinette. His son is, we believe, at this moment, in a high situation in the Bureau for Foreign Affairs under Buonaparte.

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### THE CORSAIR,

*A Tale, by Lord Byron.*

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It has been reported of an historical painter of the present day, that he is in the habit of eating a raw pork chop or two for his supper for the purpose of exciting horrible imaginings in his dreams; and that it is to this notable expedient that we are indebted for all the overstrained and unnatural representations on canvas from his pencil that too frequently disgust us with those talents which, under more rational discipline, would probably have raised their possessor to the first rank in the arts.

Really we begin to suspect that Lord Byron has recourse to some such singular mental stimulus. This is the fourth poem we have had from his pen in a very short space of time, and in all of them the heroes have been unamiable and repulsive, and the incidents dismal and terrific. If his Lordship's taste were to become prevalent, the Newgate Calendar, the State Trials, and the Records of the Admiralty Session must rise in public value; for those elegant works would furnish abundant materials for the imitators of Childe Harold, the Giaour, the Bride of Abydos, and the Corsair.

It is some consolation, however, to learn, from a sentence of Lord Byron's dedication of *The Corsair* to Anacreon Moore, (whom in complimentary consonance

we presume to the usual style of that country, his Lordship declares "to stand *alone the first* of Ireland's bards") that this is "the last production with which he means to trespass on public patience for some years." Sincere admirers as we are of his Lordship's genius, we are very glad to hear this: and we hope that when Lord Byron resumes his poetical studies, he will choose a nobler theme than the adventures of a pirate or a renegade.

The *Corsair* is unquestionably inferior to Lord Byron's former productions—we except of course his poems published while yet a minor. It has not the richness and variety of *Childe Harold*, or the *Giaour*, or the *Bride of Abydos*. It is in parts still more hurried and imperfect than the Noble Lord's earlier works. The story is meagre and little interesting. Conrad, a stern and misanthropic pirate, the husband of Medora, anticipates the intentions of some of his Turkish enemies by an attack upon them in their own port. In this attempt he is at first successful, and burns the Turkish gallies and haram, but, at length, overpowered by numbers, his men are all destroyed, and he himself is reserved for the rack. From the dungeon in which he is immured, however, he is relieved by Gulnare, a female slave, whom he had rescued from the flames. Gulnare murders Seyd, her lord, to facilitate Conrad's escape. They fly together; but on the return of Conrad to his home, he finds that grief for his absence and supposed death had broken the heart of his beloved Medora. Overwhelmed with despair he suddenly disappears;

"Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom declare  
Where lives his grief, or perish'd his despair!  
Long mourn'd his band whom none could mourn beside;  
And fair the monument they gave his bride:  
For him they raise not the recording stone—  
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known;



He left a Corsair's name to other times  
 Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes."

This finale reminds one of the exit of that well known personage Monsieur Tonson, described with so much pathetic vivacity.

" Away he ran and ne'er was heard of more."

Of Gulnare's fate not a word is said, and we are left wholly to our conjectures on the subject.

Now although we are aware that in modern poetical composition the story is considered merely as the vehicle of the sentiments and the imagery of the poem, we can by no means applaud the practice. On the contrary, we are persuaded that the decorative part of every poem would appear to much greater advantage if it served to illustrate a story various in its incidents and ingenious in its complication.

There are many passages in the *Corsair* of high poetical excellence. We would willingly quote some of them was not our space very limited, and had we not on former occasions made very free with his Lordship's works. We will content ourselves, therefore, with extracting the following admirable description of the evil passions :

" Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,  
 Within—within—'twas there the spirit wrought !  
 Love shows all changes—Hate, Ambition, Guile,  
 Betray no further than the bitter smile ;  
 The lips least curl, the lightest paleness thrown  
 Along the govern'd aspect, speak alone  
 Of deeper passions ; and to judge their mien,  
 He, who would see, must be himself unseen.  
 Then—with the hurried step, the upward eye,  
 The clenched hand, the pause of agony,  
 That listens, starting, lest the step too near  
 Approach intrusive on that mood of fear :  
 Then—with each feature working from the heart,  
 With feelings loosed to strengthen—not depart—

That rise—convulse—subside—that freeze or glow,  
Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow,  
Then—stranger! if thou canst, and tremblest not,  
Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his lot!  
Mark—how that lone and blighted bosom sears  
The scathing thought of execrated years!  
Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,  
Man as himself—the secret spirit free?"

In an early part of the impression of the *Corsair* the following stanzas which had previously been published without a signature in a daily paper, were introduced by way of appendix. The suggestions of prudence and good sense induced their subsequent expulsion. We reprint them in order to gratify the curiosity of our readers:

TO A LADY WEeping.

Weep, daughter of a Royal Line,  
A Sire's disgrace, a realms decay;  
Ah, happy! if each tear of thine  
Could wash a Father's fault away!  
Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—  
Auspicious to these suffering Isles;  
And be each drop in future years  
Repaid thee by a nation's smiles.

An effort, but in our opinion a very unsuccessful one, has been made in several of the papers by a Mr. Dallas, to rescue the noble author of the above stanzas from the odium to which they have generally and justly subjected him. Any attempt to excite disunion between the illustrious personages to whom the verses refer, is highly reprehensible; but when that attempt is made by one of the hereditary counsellors of the crown—by a man who ought better to have known his duty, we want terms of reprobation sufficiently strong to express our sentiments on the occasion.

This unfortunate letter proves Mr. Dallas's gratitude more than it demonstrates his patron's judgment or loyalty, as it was intended to produce the latter effect, we can only say, that Mr. Dallas seems to have all the difficulty of his undertaking; for we never read a more impotent and unsatisfactory defence, or a worse written epistle.

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## THEATRES.

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*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*

HORACE.

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## COVENT-GARDEN.

The Farmer's Wife, the Opera which we noticed in our last Number, as deferred on account of the indisposition of Miss Matthews, was produced on Tuesday the 1st of February. The following is the cast of the characters:—

Sir Charles Courtly . . . . .	Mr. JONES.
Cornflower (the Farmer) . . . . .	Mr. FAWCETT.
Captain Belton . . . . .	Mr. SINCLAIR.
Farmer Barnard . . . . .	Mr. INCLEDON.
Mr. Williams (the Curate) . . . . .	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Dr. Pother (the Village Apothecary) . . . . .	Mr. MATHEWS.
Peter (Valet to Sir Charles) . . . . .	Mr. LISTON.
Robin (servant to Barnard) . . . . .	Mr. EMERY.
Mrs. Cornflower . . . . .	Miss STEPHENS.
Miss Courtly (sister to Sir Charles) . . . . .	Miss MATTHEWS.
Susan } Maids of the Farm . . . . .	{ Miss S. BOOTH.
Fanny } . . . . .	{ Miss RENNELL.



From the above it will be seen, that the whole musical and comic strength of Covent-Garden Company has been called in to the aid of this piece. All the talents upon earth, however, could do nothing for so trivial and miserable a production—a thing of absolute insipidity, a neutral incapable of effervescing either with acids or spirits. The *plot*, (we ask pardon for using the word, but we know of no other which expresses the main business) of the drama, is comprized in a few flattering speeches from the Baronet to the Farmer's Wife, his carrying her off, partly by artifice partly by force, and her ultimate recovery and restoration perfectly innocent to the arms of her husband. Thus destitute of interest, we look in vain for some compensation in the able delineation of the characters. They are, without an exception, altogether insignificant or offensively inconsistent. Sir C. Courtly is a soft villain, he outrages every moral, honourable, and manly principle, to gain possession of the object of his pursuit; he carries her to his lone house, and after playing some time at hide-and-seek with her and her maid, permits his pursuers not only to gain admittance in the most facile and ready manner, but to ferret out the lady, "pure as the icicle," and rescue her from his designs. We never recollect to have seen so daring an outrage as this racing rape, so pitifully conducted to its end, or the prize obtained with so much audacity, so weakly defended, or preserved with so little skill. In truth, it is a bungling business, the master stays at home with open doors, and his servant travels cross a heath to an inn, for no other reason in the world but because the writer wanted the one to go up a chimney to avoid the posse of the farmer's friends, who set out in search of the run-aways, and the other to be detected in order to bring about his denouement. The Farmer (Cornflower) is an-

unnatural compound. He is the farmer of the stage, but in nothing like the farmer of the country. Had Mr. CHARLES DIBDIN chosen to call him a squire, or a clergyman, or a lawyer, or a physician, or a simple gentleman, or a merchant, or any thing else, it would have answered quite as well; for unless being very fond of a lady wife, and purchasing two miniatures and throwing himself into agonies because she is carried off without receiving them, and ordering a rustical dance, constitute a farmer, the part played by Mr. Fawcett possessed none of the characteristics of that class of men.

Mrs. Cornflower is a creature of the same species—a person of elegance and fashion. She, a married woman, listens to the addresses of a person of superior rank, chides him in dialogue and in song, then listens again and acts the same coquettish part, but is meant all the while to represent a character truly virtuous, unspottedly innocent, and altogether doatingly attached to her husband! Such are the chief personages concerned in the *Farmer's Wife*. The inferior parts are not more agreeable to truth or nature. Captain Belton is a puny whiffling Bond-street officer, who sings two or three songs, and walks on and off the boards as it is necessary to perform this task. Farmer Barnard is a coarser fellow in precisely the same predicament. Mr. Williams, the curate, neither sings song nor hymn, nor psalm; he appears only once to give the lady and the lover a lecture, and to comfort the husband in his affliction, which he does with so ruefully comic a countenance as to provoke laughter, in spite of the excellent and affecting acting of Fawcett in this part. Here we may observe by the way that no performer on the boards excels this actor in the portraiture of manly grief. Since he played Job Thornberry, his capacity in this respect has been more



fully developed than before, and we seldom see him in such situations without witnessing something new to applaud in his performance. But, to return to our *Dramatis Personæ*: Dr. Pother is a spare character, with *nothing* to do with the *picce*; but, as Mathew's mimicry is always relished by the multitude, with *every thing* to do on the *stage*. He sings, he dances, he tells stories, and bustles about at all places, with every person, and in all seasons; nay, he might with the utmost ease be taken from the *Farmer's Wife* in Covent Garden, and clapt into *Narenski* (if it still survives) at Drury Lane, and equally amuse in the latter without ever being missed in the former.— Convenient characters these! for author's who have neither talents to combine a judicious whole, nor ability to string together, with any degree of connectedness, the rude and disjointed parts which they dress up in their fancy, and call characters. The valet, Peter, is as is customary, a rogue, a fool, and a coward; but, Mr. Dibdin, not content with these varieties, has also made him a wit and a moralist, all which qualifications and qualities Mr. Liston has great pleasure in displaying with the usual grimaces. Stubble is an unfeeling philanthropic bailiff, a rare, if not a natural character. Robin is a clown, with nothing to do worthy of Emery or any good actor—William and Chalk non-entities. Of Mrs. Cornflower we have already spoken. Miss Courtly is a mere fine lady, intended for a lively romp, but inexpressibly insipid. Miss Mathews, in sustaining the part on the first night, played off some remarkable graces of affectation, which by no means added to the effect of the part. She had been, and was, we suppose, really unwell, but made so exaggerated a shew of agitation, tremors, faintness, &c. &c. &c. as absolutely to convert pity into contempt and sympathy into disgust. Susan, Fanny, and Jenny, the three maids, scarcely de-



serve notice. Miss Booth's is particularly a silly cast, and fit only for a scullion of the theatre. We shall close these remarks, by stating that we never saw so many persons of ability brought forward to so little purpose, or so many excellent performers promenade the stage so slightly to the delight or entertainment of an audience.

We have been rather copious in our observations, because we are tired at hearing Operas spoken of as mere vehicles for music. It is true that there is some difficulty in the proper introduction of many songs into a play where we look for the occurrences of common life; but men of talents may, in a great measure, surmount this obstacle, and at all events we may pronounce from examples which we have before us, that it is possible, if it must be a vehicle, to make it a pleasing one, and that we may have a gilt coach or a chariot at least, and not be compelled to ride in a dung cart, or be sported in a wheelbarrow.

But were we to allow that the vehicle should be as bad as possible, we have surely a right to expect good lyrical productions in the songs; poetry in those that are designed to be serious and tender, and wit and humour in those that are meant to be comic. In the songs of the present piece, however, we have neither poetry, wit, nor humour. Senseless doggrel and prosaic absurdity are their only recommendations. Of the nonsensical.

SONG—*Captain Belton.*

Love's blind, they say,

O, never, *nay*;

Can words love's grace impart?

The fancy weak

The tongue may speak,

But eyes alone the heart.

In one soft look what language lies!

O, yes, believe me, love has eyes.

Love's wing'd, they cry;  
 O, never, I;  
 No pinions love to soar;  
 Deceivers rove,  
 But never love,  
 Attach'd, he moves no more:  
 Can he have wings who never flies?  
 And, yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

Of the *soi disant* humorous.

SONG—*Dr. Pother.*

The forum for fun and variety,  
 Is a debating society;  
 Such squabbling  
 And gabbling,  
 And humming and ha'ing;  
 Such thumping  
 And jumping,  
 Air beating and sawing;  
 Mouths like cannon ope,  
 Charg'd with figure and trope,  
 Splitting logical straws in "no meaning's" digestion;  
 With indefinite answer to quibbling question.

(*Speaking.*)

Order! order! question! question! chair! chair!  
 All talkers and no hearer's, till the forum's like a fair.

Order gain'd thro' the chairman's authority,  
 Seconded by the majority.

Gives reason

For reason

And quaint speculation;

With ranting

And panting,

And dull declamation:

With fury and fuss  
 The case to discuss,  
 To twist and to twine,  
 Perplex and define,

With paradox, punning, bad grace and worse grammar ;  
 While some squeak, and some bellow, some storm and some  
 stammer.

*( Speaking )*

Order ! order ! &c.

The hubbub at length being paralyz'd,  
 The question is further on analyz'd ;

“ I move, sir,

To prove, sir,

That spite of all quarrel,

Welch wigs, sir,

Are gigs, sir,

And waltzes are moral.

Let those who can't dance

From envy advance

An argument *con.*”

And thus he goes on

Till above all the voices another exalts his,

To prove that welch wigs are more moral than waltzes.

*( Speaking )*

Order ! order ! &c.

Of the music we have little to say in commendation.  
 Six prime composers or compounders were employed in  
 it, for it is now the fashion to get up plays by piece work.  
 Messrs. Bishop, Reeve, Condell, T. Welsh, Davy, and  
 Addison, were the journeymen who be-musicked the  
 Farmer's Wife ; one or two of the airs are pretty, and  
 that is all. Not a note of any of them is calculated to  
 make that impression on the ear of a judge of harmony  
 which would cause him to remember it with pleasure.



The bandying about of flats and sharps without reference to the higher elements and intents and powers of music, makes most of our modern productions pretty nothings.

There has been no other novelty at Covent-Garden up to the period at which we now write ; though a new Melo-drama is announced for Thursday the 24th, under the title *The Wandering Boys ; or, Castle of Olival*. It is taken from the French, and will no doubt resemble Melo-dramas in general, in being full of sound and show, and good for nothing—too dull to amuse children so well as Pantomime, and too absurd to entertain the maturer frequenters of a Theatre.

In the course of the month Mr. Kemble has concluded his too brief engagement, after performing *Coriolanus*, *Richard*, *Brutus*, *Wolsey*, *Hamlet*, and *Cato*. In all these parts his excellence is too well known to need the index of a detailed criticism. His is the triumph of mind ; of classic taste and sound judgment. To a face and form which we shall never see surpassed upon the Stage, for expression and dignity, he unites all the refinement and polish of a highly cultivated understanding, and a knowledge of the authors whose conceptions he represents, which is calculated to enlighten the sense of even the closest of their commentators. With these rare endowments, Mr. Kemble is the head and model of a school in which the perfection of art is more observable than the copy of nature. Their pictures are highly wrought, nobly coloured—the touches in parts are sublime ; they dazzle the imagination, and extort applause by their brilliancy, spirit, and finish. They seldom reach the soul, and their appeal is to the sense of the audience, not to their passions. We might add, that they are generally cold—the marble statues of Phidias, and not animated beings.

It is these properties which render the Coriolanus of Mr. Kemble so pre-eminent among his performances—which render his Cato so dignified, which impart such nobleness to his Brutus, and display the mastery of his attainments in the subtle, proud, ambitious, and disappointed Wolsey. The three former are not common personages—they are heroes and philosophers, and move in those altitudes which require little of nature. The haughtiness of Coriolanus, the stoical virtue of Cato, and the illustrious patriotism of Brutus, are far removed from the sphere of ordinary feelings and capacities. They are mental giants, we had almost said monsters, and the portraiture of their characters may be given to admiration without consulting the brain to point out how the generality of mankind would have conducted themselves, in the various situations in which they are dramatically placed. The business of the actor, therefore, comes to be, that of giving point and efficacy to moral axioms, to declaim with energy on warlike or loyal themes, and to suit the voice and action to the sentiments of the parts.

Wolsey is more varied, natural, and impassioned; and therefore we think Mr. Kemble's fine personation of that character, the first within the whole range of his late circle. Nothing can be more exquisite—it is altogether a *chef d'œuvre* on the Stage. At the same time it is too minutely appreciated, and has been too often criticised, or rather eulogized, not to render any detailed animadversions from us impertinent. We shall therefore leave this subject with expressing a hope, that Mr. Kemble may very shortly be restored to the delight of a London audience.

Mr. Conway played Juba in Cato, and has also performed Petruchio, and Orlando in *As you Like it*, to Mrs.

Jordan's Rosalind. The acting of this gentlemen evinces no signs of improvement. He is the same now that he was on the first night of his appearing on our boards. A declaimer without feeling, an attitudinarian without meaning, and a grimacer without expression. In all parts he has confirmed our earliest opinion of him—that he was deficient in the *stamina* for a great actor. In noisy and boisterous passages his stentorian voice and imposing figure, split the ears and obtain the thunders of the groundlings; but the judicious few must rank him as only holding an inferior station among second rate performers.

Mr. Young was the moralizing Jacques in the last mentioned piece, and the Cassius in Julius Cæsar; and in both acquitted himself to the entire pleasure of the Theatre. On his return to town he was welcomed with warm applause; well deserved by so distinguished and able a favourite of the Public. Mrs. Jordan's Rosalind was precisely what has been for the last few years—good, and reminding us of her better days, when it was enchantment to hear and see her play this fascinating part.

Mrs. Powell has very ably sustained the first female parts in the tragedies in which Mr. Kemble has appeared: she is *semper eadem*; but the Covent-Garden Managers do not seem to think they have succeeded in procuring a person qualified for the highest walk in the drama. Mrs. Sterling supplied Miss Bolton's place in Ophelia very indifferently till near the end, when she exerted herself with greater effect. Mrs. Macgibbon, whose performance in several arduous characters met so much approbation, is not sufficiently brought forward; and Mrs. Faucit, disdaining advice, has not thought proper to adventure upon that line of parts to which we think she would do credit.



## DRURY-LANE.

Saturday, Feb. 6.—A new farce, entitled “Rogues All; or, Three Generations,” was produced at this theatre after the play of the Merchant of Venice, in which Mr. Kean again personated the revengeful Jew. It is reported to have been from the pen of Mr. Horace Smith, more celebrated for rejected addresses than for rejected dramas, although his exploits in the latter have been numerous and unquestionable. Among others, this “Rogues All” was decidedly condemned on the first night of its representation, and a fate better deserved never descended upon the unsheltered head of a rickety jumble of inanity and folly. The whole of the piece rested upon the versatility of a swindler, Mr. Elliston, who, in order to obtain the hand of a young lady of fortune, assumed the three different characters of grandfather, father, and son, but is ultimately over-reached by his comrades in roguery, and exposed to detection, while the heroine is united to the man of her choice. Thinking the *variorum* of these disguises quite enough, the author forgot to put any humour into his farce; or any novelty or vigour into his characters. At the end of the first act the noes were universal, and the further progress of Rogues All was completely impeded. When the *drop* fell with them, a tumultuous *scena* before the curtain ensued, and Mr. Elliston, highly chagrined and offended that his triple-headed exertions had not been deemed sufficient to entertain the audience, came forward and harangued in the offensive manner noticed in the letter of a Correspondent (Quiz Bobius) in the body of this number of the Satirist, and therefore unnecessary for us to repeat. It was an indecent and unwise attempt, and Mr. Elliston ought to be more guarded than to volunteer these

dangerous services for the Managers. A performer may thereby incur public odium and ill-will which will be very detrimental to him in his future career. To talk of the "*enemies of the establishment*" is the way to make enemies to it; and to bid them "*hold their tongues*" was to make enemies to himself. To impute to the majority of an audience that they had been "*unfair*" in their decision, was not the best way to obtain the reversal of the sentence, and was at the same time a very improper and inexcusable tone to be used towards a Public generally liberal and just, and merciful both to performers and pieces. We do not desire to dwell on this unpleasant discussion, and shall therefore terminate it by copying a *jeu d'esprit*, in which Mr. Elliston's speechification was turned into rhyme.—(The farce was not repeated.)

THE EPILOGUE TO THE NEW FARCE, CALLED "*ROGUES ALL, OR THREE GENERATIONS.*" AS SPOKEN BY MR. ELLISTON.

Ladies and Gentlemen—I have something to say,  
 Instead of your hands, lend your ears now I pray;  
 Let each shut his mouth, and cease this loud clatter.  
 While *I* a poor player humbly speak on this matter.  
 A question I'll put—"has one single word  
 Of this Farce to night been candidly heard?"  
 Now sit down my *friends*, let our *enemies* rise,  
 And declare their opinious unmix'd with their cries.  
 Let us quietly hear the *offs* and the *ons*,  
 And fairly decide by the *pros* and the *cons*.  
 Not a word!—you all say—how the devil you should,  
 The wonder would be, when jokes bad and good  
 Were confounded alike in the *row* made by you;  
 When the *sound* of the *many* drowns the *sense* of the *few*.  
 To account for all this, and speak plainly my mind,  
 You are half out of humour from having half-din'd;



You sit reading play-bills, you oranges eat,  
 Some whistle, and will not be still in their seat.  
 Then a fig for your judgment, and so wrong or right,  
 This Piece, I announce, for next Monday night. *Exit.*

The Comedy of *Wild Oats* has been excellently got up at this Theatre, and drawn good houses.—The Musical Farce of *Patrick in Prussia* has also been revived with success; and a Ballet, called *Leander and Leonora*, founded on the *Padlock*, has been produced, in which the abilities of a very respectable *corps de ballet*; led by Miss Smith and young Byrne, are very agreeably displayed.

Mr. KEAN.—But the great attraction, and one which bids fair to restore the fallen fortunes of the Theatre, is the new performer, Mr. Kean, whose *debut* we very briefly noticed in the last Satirist. He has repeated Shylock several times, and also played Richard the Third to overflowing houses, and with augmented reputation on every representation.

What first occurs to a person after seeing this performer, and reflecting upon his excellence, is a feeling of surprize that he should not have found his way to the Metropolitan Stage before. We are told that the London Managers scour the country for talent, and we marvel that they missed Mr. Kean in their very minute researches, though he is undoubtedly not six feet high, nor so broad by a few inches as Mr. Stephen Kemble. At last, however, the man of genius is discovered and brought to that test, where to fail, is no disgrace, and where to succeed, is fame and fortune. His happy lot has led to the latter, and in no common degree, for his success has been unbounded, and, what is still better, merited. He is, in fact, a theatrical star of the first magnitude—he may twinkle occasionally, but his lustre is always dazzlingly bright. Such a person has been long wanted on the Stage—we stood as-



tonishingly in need of something to break our even current where wave followed wave in painful monotony, and the toe of one imitator trod on the heel of another through an endless train till we were sick even of the excellent among them. The appearance of Mr. Kean has destroyed this uniformity, and in a manner the most pleasing, by the display of powers equal to the highest; original, vigorous, energetic, and various almost beyond example. We have seen him in Tragedy, where he shines so brilliantly as to acquire a reputation equal to the gratification of moderate ambition; but we are informed that his talents are not confined to this walk. On the contrary, he is the very "admirable Chrichton" of performers, sings divinely, plays Comedy with the utmost spirit and ease, and in the nimble Harlequin is among the best leapers of the day. With these accomplishments, however, we at present have little to do, and have only mentioned them incidentally to show the extraordinary versatility of this new Roscius.

We have seen him in Shylock and in Richard, and to see him ten minutes in any character without being convinced of his superior endowments and rare genius is impossible. The flashes of intellect, the striking proofs of freshness of mind, the fine conception of parts, and the felicity of execution which elicited new beauties from Shakespeare and added to the fascinations even of our immortal Bard—the excellence of Mr. Kean in all these respects is not to be done justice to by a tribute of general praise however forcibly expressed; he must be seen to have his deserts appreciated; he must be followed passage by passage through his Author to enable us to form a proper judgment of his abilities. Mixed with these, there are some irregularities and errors, but they are venial—specks upon a sun. In truth, we could almost wish them

greater than they are, that we might entertain surer hopes of improvement hereafter, which we are, nevertheless, at present persuaded will ensue without the necessity we have contemplated.

In any remarks we may offer on Mr. Kean's performances, we must always be understood to be speaking of a person of the great qualifications we have described; of a man of acute mind, sound understanding, and correct taste, who has deeply studied every syllable he delivers, and every action with which he may enforce that delivery; and therefore feeling, where we may differ from him in opinion, that we are differing from a high authority entitled to the utmost respect. But why do we guard ourselves thus! we can scarcely task our memory with two instances in which Mr. Kean rendered himself amenable to severe criticism for a departure from the arduous character which he had assumed of Richard the Third. Throughout he was bold, varied, and original. From the first scene to the last, he brought before us so many new and splendid views of Shakespeare, that we were lost in admiration at the extent of his powers. All that we could find to hang a note of dispraise upon would be one example of too much familiarity in tone and gesture; somewhat of vulgarity in an occasional movement of the limbs; a repetition of the same gesticulation; and more generally a want of that dignity of deportment which, in spite of his mis-shapen body, we expect from Plantagenet. These are the minute blemishes, which, if we desired to dwell on faults, we would enlarge upon;—but our more grateful task is to turn to the far more prolific—the exhaustless source of the merits of this performer. The soliloquy with which Richard is introduced, wherein he descants on his own deformity, is admirably given by Mr. Kean. His pauses



are long, and were they reckoned by a stop-watch, any able critic might thence demonstrate him to be a bad actor; but every pause is filled up by expression of countenance, and by action never surpassed by force and propriety. Where he rails at nature for having sent him into the world

——— “so lamely and unfashionable,  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by ‘em,”

his motion in pointing towards the ground, as if at one of the very curs he describes, is admirably significant; his impatience in the scene with Henry in the Tower, till in the end his boiling rage incites him to the hasty murder of the King, and his demoniac exultation over the dead body boasts of similar excellence. As we proceed in the play he rises still higher in the scale:—In his wooing of Lady Anne, the half earnestness of his address to the only being he ever loved, is finely tinged with that sarcastic spirit which seems to mock his own feelings as well as the weakness of the woman who could be in this humour won. In all his scenes with Stanley, the constant object of his suspicion, he is uncommonly effective, and indeed we might waste the dictionary of panegyric in finding terms to express our approbation of them. That in which he twits him with misapplying his forces is the best. We cannot help also particularizing the scene in which he abruptly challenges the officer who interrupts him in a fit of meditation, and the sudden transition to courtesy towards him, and self-complacency to himself, the instant he learns that the news he came to render him was the illness of Edward. The deep malignity of his prayer

“Would he were wasted—marrow, bones, and all,”

is portrayed in a manner which defies description.



With Buckingham he is equally admirable. His mode of bribing him with the promise of the Earldom of Hereford, and his joy at seeing the bait take—his disappointment and ill humour when the Duke refuses to understand him, and consent to be the murderer of the Princes—his subsequent rebuke

“ Begone! thou troublest me. I’m not i’ the vein,”

his instant sentence of death when his quondam accomplice is taken, is all masterpieces of acting.

We might go through the part, thus noticing beauties of the first order and altogether novel—out of pure despair at being able to notice one half of them, we shall confine ourselves to two:—one of simple nature, which had great effect upon the audience, and another of greater exertion, the applause following which was prodigious. The former occurred in bidding his friends good night previous to the battle. Here Richard sinks into that abstractedness which Catesby describes as robbing him of his wonted alacrity. Mr. Kean personified the tone of mind thus painted. He gradually falls off from the conversation in which he is engaged; issues his confused and unconnected orders for the morning, like a man brooding over the most important designs;—and finally, in a moment of perfect inattentiveness to all around him, he slowly draws, with his sword upon the ground, the lines as it were of hostile armies, and then with a quicker motion draws another line across as if he had just hit on the point of attack;—then, starting from his reverie he bids his attendants a hurried good night, and rushes off the stage.—What a noble touch is here!

The last point we have to mention is the closing scene, the fight with Richmond, in which Mr. Kean exhibited a conception which would have done honour to the greatest

poet that ever lived. When, after a desperate conflict, he is mortally wounded, his sword is struck from his nerveless arm, Mr. Kean maintained the stubborn, vindictive, and invincible character of the tyrant to the end. The motion of thrusting at his adversary is the latest impulse of his soul—he lounges with his bare hand till the stronger tyrant death arrests its course; but it sinks not to his side till the force of life is exhausted, and he falls to rise no more.

We will not prolong these observations. Mr. Kean has been received as he deserved by the Public—with enthusiasm proportioned to their delight.

Miss Smith, it seems, refused to play the Queen in this play, as beneath her dignity—"a positive degradation." No wonder we have plays ill-cast at this theatre, if the Managers submit to such insolence as this. In the present instance, however, they lost nothing. Mrs. Glover took the part and performed it better than Miss Smith could do for her life. Rae looked Richmond well, but made him too ranting a hero.

## THE ITALIAN OPERA.

KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

The *fascinating* qualities of Mr. Taylor the manager of this concern, are well known—nothing, perhaps, but a display of endowments equally *agreeable* on the part of his adversary litigant, Mr. Waters, could have rallied the performers attached to the King's Theatre, round their old master and plague; but so it is, we have reason to believe, that the late decision of the Lord Chancellor



in favour of a sale of the property, and the winding up of the concern, has united all parties. They will rather go on and enjoy their wrangle in the midst of bankruptcy, law-suits, and quarrels, than submit to have matters settled by either law or equity. In brief, Mr. Waters has yielded a little to the *generous necessity* of Mr. Taylor; and, between them, the House it is supposed will contrive to open about the middle of March. A triumvirate of subscribers, selected from the most respectable of those who take an active concern in the existence of this establishment, are, it is proposed, to have the entire direction of the Opera. They will of course chuse subordinate acting managers for the ballets, the musical department, &c. The whole to be conducted at the risk of the concern, as it is at present constituted, till the multifarious matters at issue are disposed of, or decided.

Taylor, we are informed, finding the negociations which led to the above arrangement, sent in his submissive ultimatum to the higher powers, but they, suspecting that it was only a torrent of abuse and insult, as usual, left it unregarded—and from this delay it occurred that the Theatre was not opened by the time that this notice will meet the public eye, instead of being a close and gloomy looking dungeon, unenlivened with the strains of melody or the pulsations of the sounding dance.

A short history of the wars in this quarter may not be uninteresting even amid the more important reports and bulletins from other places.

The long protracted and bitter hostility between the loving copartners in the King's Theatre, having led to that state of things in which a crisis (pretty strong and decisive) must determine the life or death of their *gemini-cal* existence, that crisis came in the shape of a judgment



from the Chancellor to dissolve the jarring union and sell the property. A part of the order issued on this occasion gave permission to Mr. Waters to send a man into the Theatre to take care of his right in the moveables. Instead, however, of adhering to the letter of this command, that able General when he got footing in the garrison at the Haymarket, assailed the place itself with a body or posse of troops. The garrison, in the interest of Mr. Taylor, he did not imprison, but, like Davoust at Hamburgh, he turned them adrift on the world to subsist on the bounty of the charitable or starve. The keys of the strong holds were seized; the treasure chests (empty ones) broken open, inventories taken of the effects, and the whole cleared of the enemy. An ambassador sent by General Taylor to look after *his personal baggage* was refused admission, and Mr. Waters was resolved to take his morning's walk alone on the *platform* of that fortress, from which he had for seven years been excluded by his rival. The ambassador, whose exclusion we have just mentioned, being forcibly and *ungenteely shoved out vi et armis* by General Waters himself, has brought his action for the assault, which will be tried at the next Sessions. Thus arms cede the palm to the gown.

In consequence of the distressed state of this place, the numerous race who depend upon it for bread, presented a petition to the Prince Regent: it was signed by the poorer portion of those who have no other ostensible livelihood than the Opera House affords. A second petition, signed by the singers and dancers, and particularly by those who had standing engagements, was also presented. Both these were graciously received. Upon these grounds (ostensibly), and for the sake of his own interest, Mr. Taylor has offered an armistice, saying, (humane and considerate gentleman as he

is!) "I should be sorry that so many individuals were without employment, and particularly the foreigners, who have no other business in England, who have no other means of life, and who are, moreover, considerably in arrear already, since the year 1810, when Mr. Waters seized the subscription money at Morland's to the amount of 8 or 10,000*l.* and sunk it in the pit of Chancery."

The engagements of Catalani and Tramezzanni are at an end, and though we do not blame them for having secured the payment of their exorbitant stipends while their poorer brethren were starving, we trust we shall never hear of the Theatre's being reduced to a second bankruptcy by the grant of such disgraceful thousands for any music they or their composers can make. No Theatre could exist under such enormous and unproportioned burthens.

Should the state of affairs in France permit it, we understand we are to be favoured with a new importation of spies and —s. Grassini has had final engagements sent to her. Madam Camporesi (Giustiniani) is also engaged at a salary of 1500*l.*; and a good tenor singer has casually arrived from Madrid. The elder Yestris is also expected.

Under these auspices it is supposed the House will, as we have stated, open; but still there is a rub in the way. Waters, informed of the progress made by his adversary, has also, it is said, through the agency of a creature of his own, engaged many performers who are necessary to complete Taylor's establishment. By this ruse, should the Theatre open, we may not only expect *doubles* in all the characters, but triples, and double operas, and—

"Double, double, toil and trouble."







GAMBLING in the

APRIL 1<sup>st</sup> 1814



the STOCKS